

# THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES  
Volume V.

NO. 2884. OCTOBER 14, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXXIII.

## THE ART OF DINING.\*

Sir George Trevelyan remarks in his volume on "The American Revolution" that, if mankind were candid, gastronomy would be acknowledged as the most universally interesting of all the arts. The late Mr. Hayward, like most wise men of the world, was much of the same opinion. "'Tis sixty years since" he struck the world-wide chord in the pages of this "Review." The articles excited so much interest that twenty years afterwards he revised and expanded them in the little volume entitled "The Art of Dining," which reappeared the other day in graceful and attractive garb with annotations and additions. Writing as a man of the world and a practical philosopher, Mr. Hayward informed the ignorant and challenged the prejudiced. The study of gastronomy had been under a cloud, for notoriously the English are no nation of cooks, and comparisons with our French neighbors were sadly to our disadvantage. Mr. Hayward ran counter to prejudices, for

popular Pharisaism had been in the habit of confounding the *gourmet* with the *gourmand* and the *gourmand* with the glutton. Mr. Hayward has himself defined the nice shade of distinction which divides the first from the second. No one would have recognized more readily than in his brilliant articles he had merely touched the fringes of a vast subject. For perhaps cookery as much as climate has shaped the destinies of nations, and it would be easy to illustrate the point by tracing the history of conquest and the consequences of invasions. Even in our own days, we have always seen the clue to the triumphs of British colonization in the dinners served in the steamers of the P. and O. On the *Messageries Maritimes*, the *menu*, as one nears the tropics, shade down into the light, the piquant, the provocative. The sturdy Briton despises to desert his solid island fare, with the joints, the heavy side dishes, and the heady wines. He dines much the same, and does his work equally well, at Aden or Kurra- chee as at Aldershot. That he can venture on such liberties is well for the race, but nevertheless, as the conditions of life become more artificial, considerations of cookery become of greater importance.

Mr. Hayward touches another point to which he might have devoted vol-

- 1. *The Art of Dining*. By Abraham Hayward, Q. C., with annotations and additions by Charles Sayle. London, 1898.
- 2. *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*. By Mistress Margaret Dods. Edinburgh, 1829.
- 3. *Artistic Cookery*. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.
- 4. *The Encyclopaedia of Practical Cookery*. Edited by Theodore Francis Garrett. London, 1898.

And other works.

umes; and few men were better fitted to embellish it with the pearls of social history, for his charm is in the innumerable anecdotes and reminiscences stored up in a singularly tenacious memory. Doubtless he shrank from undertaking a task so formidable as Austin Caxton's stupendous "History of Human Error." Nor could it be given to any man to do reasonable justice to the intimate and intricate relations of the table with diplomacy and the revolutions of empires. The older diplomacy was founded upon social intercourse, and on convivial confidences, real or apparent. Talleyrand was a past master in the arts of courtly deception and gastronomic seduction. That great man's favorite manœuvring ground was the dinner-table; and, even when he had ceased to interfere actively in public affairs, he still practised, from sheer force of habit, the splendid hospitality of the old *régime*. His kitchen under the *bourgeois* monarchy was modelled on the lavish traditions of the ancient *noblesse*. He had four *chefs* for as many different departments, and there were six capable *aides* to assist them in serving the repasts. An enormous eater, though a helpless cripple, he had to compromise with his digestion; but he knew precisely what suited him, and made the best terms with his stomach. Apart from his personal tastes, he had always given his cooks *carte blanche* on grounds of diplomatic policy. He knew well how much he had been helped by his table and cellars in manipulating the reconstruction of Europe. It was this modern Machiavelli who impressed on Napoleon the value of gastronomy as a means of government and corruption. Had Napoleon been more addicted to good company and the table, he might never have reigned in Elba or been exiled to St. Helena. He ate irregularly and on impulse; all he cared for was to have meals always ready, and he paid the penalty in the diges-

tive complications which paralyzed him on the mornings of momentous engagements. But if he could not himself entertain, he had the wit to devolve the task on a responsible representative, admirably fitted to undertake it. Cambacérès, whose soul was in his stomach, devoted himself with loyal enthusiasm; and Hayward has sundry piquant anecdotes of the interest the Imperial Chancellor took in his *cas-seroles*. "Go and dine with Cambacérès" was a favorite form of dismissal when the Emperor was in high good humor with some foreign envoy; and he would not have had reason to express himself so cordially had not the envoy often dined with the Chancellor before.

Mr. Hayward glances back at the culinary art of the Romans only to dismiss it contemptuously; and every intelligent student of history must agree. Ostentation is generally foolish—as it is always vulgar. We may be touched by the tragic death of a Vatel, who felt that life was worthless when honor was lost with the shellfish that had gone astray, and who would have scored a crowning triumph had he been less precipitate. We can have little sympathy with the shortsighted suicide of an Apicius, who put an end to himself because but a modicum was left of the vast fortune he had devoured. His strength was failing, his digestion enfeebled, but had he been philosopher enough to have simplified his *menu*, he might have prolonged and even increased his pleasures. He had, however, been brought up in a vicious school, and was demoralized by its corrupt traditions. The rude simplicity of Roman Republicanism was logically followed by the excesses of an Empire which had monopolized the wealth of the world. The Imperialists of the Decline were gluttons, but they knew nothing of the refinements of dining. The Roman epicures had deserved their

fate when their tables went down before the irruption of the barbarians, who sacked their cellars and pillaged their plate.

In the dark night that settled upon Europe previously to the dawn of the Renaissance, as the Church was the refuge of the helpless, so she was the solitary retreat of the Arts. The lamp of letters burned dimly in the convents, throwing fitful flashes through the pervading gloom. Sculpture and painting had alike retrograded; but gastronomy suffered less than its aesthetic sisters. The kitchen fires were always blazing: the tables in the refectories were liberally supplied. The monks extended their domains and enlarged their buildings. Their fishponds were rarely dragged except by themselves: they might hope to reap where they sowed, and their flocks and herds were seldom driven. The head of such wealthy communities as Citeaux, Cluny, or Saint Bénigne of Dijon, with a treasury far better filled than that of his sovereign or the Emperor, prided himself on the exercise of a magnificent hospitality. Cluny, on one memorable occasion, as the chroniclers tell us, entertained the Pope, the King of France, and many princes of the blood with their suites, without disturbing its domestic arrangements. But monasteries in less favored regions than Burgundy maintained the saintly reputation for fair welcome and good living till the eve of the French Revolution, which, turning the genial fathers adrift, condemned them to apostolic poverty. Brillat-Savarin has recorded with grateful animation a visit he paid with a party of friends to the Bernardine Abbey of Saint-Sulpice, situated five thousand feet above the sea-line, and surrounded by storm-swept desolation. Seldom, even when shooting in the American backwoods, had the connoisseur of the Parisian restaurants so rare a chance, and he made the most of his

opportunities and a mountain appetite. A Homeric breakfast was a worthy prelude to a dinner where, after a long succession of courses, all sorts of fruits, brought from a distance, figured at dessert. Supper succeeded, after vespers, in due course; the abbot had discreetly retired, leaving the brethren license which they used or abused: the wine-cup went round with jest and song: and then came a grand bowl of blazing punch, with a Gargantuan and conventional equivalent for broiled bones.

The English and all the greater Scottish abbeys were also richly endowed. Cookery had every encouragement under the benignant rule of such large-minded prelates as Scott's Aymer of Jorvalux or Boniface of Kennaquhair. Talent was sought out and genius was fostered. The favored *élèves* of the monastic schools had opportunities and advantages denied to their lay *confrères*. They studied in seclusion and worked in peace. Leisure, calm meditation, and an unruffled mind are essential to the practice of the higher art. The storm of civil broils might be raging without, but the kitchener cared nothing for it as he stooped over his stews. Nor did anything give a greater impulse to ingenious dining in that barbarous age than the austerities prescribed by the Church. On the Fridays, when the flesh was to be mortified, and in the prolonged fasting of Lent, the artists exhausted invention in their *soupes maigres* and other light Lenten dishes; and to do them justice we must remember the difficulties with which they had to contend, for there was a lamentable lack of vegetables.

In fact, it may be safely inferred that down to the dissolution of the monasteries the higher cookery was never a lost art in England. It came with the Conquest, and was fostered by the clergy. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the England of the Middle Ages did not compare favorably with

either Italy or France, though, strange to say, there was a later time when Spain took the lead: the first treatise on culinary science was published at Madrid. Church property was confiscated; but the good works of the fathers survived in the colleges, which more or less took over monastic traditions along with monastic property. In the universities high days and holidays were religiously and festively observed. Orthodoxy was identified with generous fare: sound doctrine came to be synonymous with strong heads and imperturbable digestions. But the Protestantism which had revolted against the ritual of Rome discarded the refinements of its tables. The college cooks were a class by themselves, and gravity was the characteristic of their handiwork. They shared the insular antipathy to the *entrées* they contemptuously denominated kick-shaws. A striking passage in Michelet throws philosophical light on the prejudices which handicapped their undeniable merits. Contrasting the French and English soldiers of the Plantagenet wars, he describes England as a manufactory of meat. From time immemorial a nation of cattle-breeders had been nourished upon animal food, till with full feeding it grew glutinous and wasteful. There is much of truth in that, and the careless abuse of the best material in the world has undoubtedly been disastrous to the national cookery. The colleges set the fashion with a false gastronomic ideal. They formed the tastes of the landed gentry and pluralist divines, who deemed they had done their duty to themselves and their guests when their tables were groaning under saddles and sirloins.

But the Revolution in France proved the regeneration of England, and a new era began under French influences with the emigration of the nobles and their *chefs*. Since the allied sovereigns were entertained at the grand banquet

at Devonshire House, and Lord Alvaley won the wager of a free dinner at White's by devising the most expensive of the competing *menus*, the science of cooking has continued to shine with ever-increasing lustre. Victor Hugo, in his rhapsodical vein, has sung the praises of Paris as the beacon-light of the universe. Had he confined himself to asserting its supremacy in cookery, no one could have disputed his thesis. As the radiating centre of culinary genius, Paris is the cosmopolitan Pole-star—so much so that it has become an article of popular faith that every Frenchman has intuitive talent for the kitchen. We are rather inclined to believe that his undeniable skill and resource come of evolution and the force of circumstances. French and English started fair in the Darker Ages; but the English, safe from invasion after the Conquest, even through the ferment of their civil strife, lived in tolerable plenty. On the other hand, distracted France was frequently reduced to extremity of famine. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery of the lower orders under the exactions of the Crown and the Barons, when the land was being ravaged by Shearers and Flayers. Dire necessity was the mother of strange resource; the starved peasant took to dressing snakes and frogs, snails and beetles: for his pot-herbs he gathered docks and nettles from the ditches: he scrambled for acorns and beech-mast with the swine of his *seigneur*, and threw scruples to the winds. Everywhere the rustic was learning the first principles of cookery in the hardest of schools, and the burghers in the cities, constantly besieged, enjoyed almost equal advantages. They made *salmis* of rats, and *fricassées* of mice; they feasted on horses, cats, and dogs; they became experts in the manipulation of carrion. When in more tranquil times the great nobles kept princely households, the lu-

criptive and honorable career of the professed cook opened new and hitherto unknown potentialities to undeveloped talent.

It is interesting to note the almost identical effect of similar influences north of the Tweed. Scotland was naturally a poor country, exposed to frequent invasion and distracted by feudal wars; yet, thanks to its associations with France, Scotland developed a culinary system of its own, infinitely superior in breadth, conception, and originality to that of its more favored southern enemy. Its very barrenness and savagery gave it advantages. The crops might be fired and the cattle driven from the straths. But there were deer and black bullocks on the hills: the burns swarmed with trout and the rivers with salmon. There were muir-fowl on every heath: there were wild-fowl on every tarn and sea-loch. The French came to teach the Scot how to dress these delicacies. We can still trace the French influences in the nomenclature. The "gigot" of mutton is served on an "ashet," and the haggis, the national dish *par excellence*, is simply the old French *hachis*. There was profusion of game and fish, but in everything else severe economy was to be practised. The sheep's head, which elsewhere is thrown to the dogs, became a national dainty. The stomach was utilized to contain the haggis, a primitive receptacle for rich materials, among which the pluck and the liver played important parts. Even the blood was mingled with toasted oatmeal to make such savory black and white puddings as Caleb Balderstone carried off in triumph when he descended on the coopers' christening feast. But perhaps the most notable achievement of resourceful frugality was the cock-a-leekie, when leeks and kale were the only vegetables, and even onions were imported from Holland. It was the poverty and not the will of

the Scots that consented to these compromises. When rents went up and stall-feeding came in, when vegetables of every kind became common, then the immemorial hospitality was more lavishly displayed, and they made the reputation for soups and side dishes, in which they have only been surpassed by the French. Taking the Scotch *cuisine* seriously, there is no safer authority than "The Cook and Housewife's Manual," by Mistress Meg Dodds. It was written by Mrs. Johnston, a novelist of some repute in her time; and, besides the sterling merit of the matter, it shows no little of the literary *verve* of Brillat-Savarin. There is plenty of good eating in the *Waverley* novels, but there is nothing more seductive in those immortal works than Mrs. Johnston's story of the institution of the Cleikum Club, and of Dr. Redgill's sumptuous entertainment by the crochety nabob at St. Ronan's.

Hayward tells us that his "Quarterly" articles were overpraised, as he could only claim credit for getting up a brief. There he was over-modest, though that was not generally supposed to be a weakness of his. His sympathetic sketches of recent and contemporary celebrities in the cooking world are admirable; he has outlined with graphic intelligence the growth and progress of the French *cuisine*; but nothing is more noteworthy than his rare acquaintance with the special gifts of the artists of talent who had only a limited reputation in London society. How he obtained that exceptional knowledge we cannot pretend to say: we only know that his inquiring mind was not easily satisfied on subjects that fascinated him. He had a vast fund of reminiscence to draw upon. In his middle age he had seldom dined at home: as indolence grew upon him with the infirmities of age, he rarely went out to dinner. Five days out of six he was seated at the table in the

north-eastern corner of the Athenaeum dining-room. Years before, he had withdrawn from the Carlton, chiefly because he had been changing his politics, but also, as he once said feelingly, because he preferred the Athenaeum cuisine. He remarks that the reputations of clubs and restaurants are forever fluctuating with the changes in their kitchens. Refined as he was in his culinary taste, he was also dainty as to his company. Latterly, the chief members of the select coterie over which he presided were Kinglake and Bunbury, Chenery of the "Times," and Sir William Gregory, when in town; with some stray statesman, ambassador, or colonial governor who had just turned up on furlough. He had outlived any laxity of indulgence: his repast for the most part was simple, though he was fastidious as to the dressing and serving. But it was a standing, although generally a silent, grievance, that one of his best friends and most familiar cronies was what he sorrowfully called a very free feeder. He would look askance at indigestible dishes casually introduced. He was a man of moods, and in silence he would sometimes sit, but no one could talk more eloquently when the reverberating chord was touched. The sure way to awaken him was judicious contradiction, as his friend Mr. Kinglake knew well, when he would let fall some slyly provocative remark, with a humorous droop of the eyelids. Hayward's writing is sparkling, but his table talk was more brilliant still. He had known almost everybody worth knowing. Political recollections and social reminiscences blended themselves naturally with the *menus* of *recherché* dinners. As he relates with honorable pride, he had often been charged with the ordering of these memorable repasts. Standing up in his animation after dinner over the coffee, he would almost walk "into" his interlocutor, laying out

the tables again, recalling the repartees, and repeating the *bon mots*.

He was nearly as much at home in Paris as in London, and he knew the Paris of the Boulevards and Palais Royal well. Much that he says of the restaurants might have been written yesterday. Many that were famous then are famous now, though others have risen into fashionable repute, chiefly by catering for the pass'on of the travelling American for ostentation and exorbitant charges. But we marvel at one remarkable omission, as we note melancholy changes. Hayward says nothing of the *Café Voisin*. Its popularity with French connoisseurs is great; the cookery has always been unexceptionable; it possessed the choicest and best assorted collection of Burgundies, till its cellars were laid under contribution in the sieges of Paris; and its Gascon *poitrine de mouton à la sauce Bernaise*, a frequent *plat du jour* at the *déjeuners*, would have sufficed of itself to give honorable distinction.

Hayward prints a letter from his old friend Count d'Orsay, containing "an accurate classification and description of the principal restaurants." The three first mentioned by the Count are the Frères Provençaux, Philippe's, and the *Café de Paris*. All are gone, and how are we to account for it? Not by any decline in the cookery, for they maintained their reputation till they startled their patrons by suddenly closing their doors. An explanation may be suggested in the case of Philippe's—that it was situated somewhat aside from beaten tracks; but the Frères was in the very centre of the Palais Royal, and the *Café de Paris*, on the Boulevard des Italiens, was unrivalled as to locality. Philippe's, in particular, was an irreparable loss. Mr. Hayward truly remarks that it was easy to run up a high bill there; but on the other hand in no place could a frequenter who knew the ropes dine

at once so well and so economically. Deaf old M. Pescal, always on the prowl among his tables, was ready enough to recommend some special dish, without condescending on the cost. But he was equally willing to offer friendly counsel as to frugal *plats* of exquisite flavor. Nothing in soups could be more savory than the familiar *purée aux croûtons*; and the *moules à la poulette*, that dainty dear to the *lorette*, was, in its simple style, an approach to perfection. Mr. Hayward relates how a conscientious waiter, after obvious searchings of heart, recommended a party with satisfactory results to try a cheaper Burgundy than the wine they had ordered. M. Pescal used to give a Beaune at three francs, which might content any man, and was superior to anything now obtainable for twice the money. We are surprised to see that Mr. Hayward selects the *potage à la Bagration* as a *spécialité* of the Trois Frères. On the contrary, it was Philippe who had the secret of that inestimable soup, and anything you got at the Frères or elsewhere was a disappointing imitation. One dish in which the Frères excelled was a dream of delight that haunts us still—the *faisan à la Sainte Alliance*, stuffed with snipes and truffles, a *plat de prédilection* of Brillat-Savarin.

That triad of renowned restaurants has disappeared, but Paris is still the *chef-lieu* of epicurism. The windows of Chevet suggest some faint idea of the impulse given by *gourmandise* to French industries and commerce. Eugène Sue has eloquently enforced that economical fact in his "Sept Péchés Capitaux." The delicacies of the world are to be seen in the great Parisian *magasins de comestibles*, from the birds' nests of Chinese caverns to Burgundian snails. Standing in contemplative admiration before Chevet's fruit festoons and game trophies, we have often dreamed of going on a serious

gastronomical pilgrimage. For the intelligent tourist can do no better than give his travel an engrossing purpose, with the assurance that his investigations will prove a boon to humanity. There are stages where the epicure is sure to rest happy, and he is ever animated by the hope of some blissful discovery. Mr. Hayward has interesting notes on various European hotels of reputation in his time, and there is nothing more instructive than his allusions to local specialties. Hotels, as he has said, are forever changing. Till latterly Berlin was the most benighted of capitals, and Jäger's, which he praises, would seem to have vanished. But the Prussian *cuisine* was greatly indebted to Urbain Dubois, who long superintended the royal kitchens; and with the rise of the Hohenzollerns and the unification of the Empire came a marvellous revival in hotels and restaurants. Hayward has pleasant recollections of dinners at the France at Dresden, sent up by a patriotic Parisian who had never thought it worth while to learn a word of German, because there was no culinary literature in the Teutonic. We should say that the Hotel de France has now been eclipsed by the beautifully situated Bellevue. At Vienna the Grand-Duke Charles still asserts its supremacy over more fashionable and extravagant upstarts. But we are reminded that it is sixty years since Hayward wrote, when he tells every tourist to ask for *paté de chamois* at the little hostelry on the Simplon. In Switzerland the chamois is now as rare as the rhinoceros in the Transvaal, and the innkeepers have long ceased to imitate Jacob's device—serving goat steeped in vinegar for chamois venison.

It would be easy to map out the lines of a gastronomic tour. Crossing the Channel, we should stop at Boulogne for the soles; the fishing-boats come in

just before the French breakfast hour, and a Boulogne sole, served with a squeeze of lemon, is certainly superior to the estimable flat-fish of Folkestone. Brittany is a rugged and inhospitable country, but there are few more enjoyable meals to be had than in its quaint old inns, with the game from the heaths and woodlands and the shellfish from such rocky bays as those of Douarnenez or Auray. In richer Normandy the cooks have inherited the genius of their ancestors who introduced the science in England. Campbell's "Life in Normandy," though published in 1853, ought to rank as a classic. It shows what finished work may be accomplished with the humblest appliances: how exquisite *bouillabaisse*s and water *souchés* may be evolved by peasant hands from their *fours de campagne*; and how delicious *salmis* may be made of guillemots and fishing birds, if you are careful to get rid of the essential oil by cutting away the lower section of the backs. Starting from Paris for the south the tourist appreciates the attractions of the buffets. On all the great lines they are good, but the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée is *facile princeps*. We know nothing pleasanter than breaking the fast at Dijon or at papal Avignon, though at Avignon the phylloxera has latterly made sad work with the celebrated Château Neuf des Papes. At Nîmes, in torrid summer, when the appetite must be tempted, we fondly remember the green tomatoes, with the piquant stuffing seasoned with sprigs of thyme. At Vaucluse the trout and the crayfish have attracted more pilgrims than the sonnets of Petrarch. Then, turning westward, at Toulouse you are in a sensuous city which has perpetuated the prodigal traditions of its Counts of the Middle Ages, whose names were synonymous with Oriental luxury. At Périgueux there are the truffled turkeys and the truffled *patés de perdrix*:

at Bordeaux are the *pré-salé* mutton, the *cèpes*, most luscious of mushrooms, the *royans*, most delicate of sardines, and the *foies de canard aux olives*, which are the envy of enfeebled digestions.

Beyond the Pyrenees it is a pitiful contrast. Yet even in hungry and thirsty Spain, scarcity of food and firing has stood sponsor to the stew of the savory *puchero*; the hams of Montarques, from swine said to fatten on snakes as well as acorns, surpass those of Westphalia; the rabbits of the *dehesas* of Estremadura are unrivaled; and the *perdices escabechados* of the semi-subterraneous Madrid wine cellars are not to be despised: they give an admirable flavor to the *copa* of light Montilla or Manzanilla. Though the Renaissance originated in Italy, in that favored peninsula the cookery has deteriorated; for hospitality is as little an Italian as a Spanish virtue. But there is good eating to be found there with diligent research, and no cooks are more painstaking. Failing ortolans or beccaficos, we have known a superannuated artist, pottering the livelong day over a tiny charcoal furnace, produce *entrées* of liver and bacon of a flavor almost identical with that of those dainty birds. The Romans have always risen superior to prejudice, as one may see by a glance at their markets; and national dinners at the Minerva or Falcone used to be eccentric revelations. The Florentines are masters in *risottos*, as are the Neapolitans in maccaronis; and the simplicity of these dishes never palls.

The olives and cypresses of the Ionian Isles are associated with mullets and fish soups, with cabobs and eggplants, with lamb or kid stuffed with pistachio nuts, and with pastry almost transcending that of Rome or Seville. But we shall travel no further to the East, though Constantinople in its Turkish quarters is tempting. We have adverted already to the Archduke

Charles at Vienna, where, as at the Münsch or the Goldener Lamm in the Leopoldstadt, you have Bohemian pheasants and Austrian venison in perfection. The restaurants are somewhat expensive, but you may save on the wines, for the cheaper Austrian and Hungarian vintages go excellently with *rôtis* of game. In Munich the late Herr Sleich had made a name and a fortune. His house was a resort of the nobility, and renowned for its Bordeaux. The Bavarian *cuisine* is decidedly inferior to that of Austria, and there is a marked change for the better when you pass into Tyrol: but the refreshment-rooms at the junction of Treuchtlingen have always been noted for their sausages. Remarking, in passing, that there are no better *tables d'hôte* in Central Europe than those of the hotels at Wildbad, and that the trout of Heidelberg are at least equal to those of Vaucluse, we scarcely care to linger at Frankfort, though there was a time when the cookery at its Russie and Römische Kaiser was the best in Germany. Every one breaks the journey at Cologne, and the Rhine salmon and the *Reh-rücke* are as well worth waiting for as the Domkirche. But connoisseurs who know the town will seek out Bettger's, in the Kleine Budengasse, celebrated for its oysters and its wines, and for sundry other specialties. Unpretentious almost to meanness, it is much patronized by the Westphalian aristocracy. The Low Countries have always been a land of good living: nowhere is rarer Burgundy to be obtained—Romanée, Conti, and Clos Vougeot, floated thither by river and canal—if you can prevail on some of the old-fashioned hosts to unlock their reserved cellars. Food in the Brussels hotels used to be embarrassingly abundant and fabulously cheap; but, as tourists have poured in and charges have run up, it has deteriorated both in quantity and quality. Still

the *gourmet* will have reason to be satisfied in such restaurants as the Café Riche and the Rocher de Cancale, no bad imitations of their Parisian prototypes, and consequently apt to be overcrowded. Another excellent dining-place is Allard's, in the near neighborhood of the Rocher.

We can only cast a glance at recent culinary literature. When Hayward wrote, Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer were the authorities. Since then Gouffé, Kettner, and many others have given valuable books to the world, but Urbain Dubois claims the foremost place. Chief of his works is the sumptuously illustrated quarto on "Artistic Cookery," which appeared in 1870. A consummate master of his art, he professes to practise economy and he preaches simplicity: indeed, he may be said to have set a fashion in the latter respect, and gone far towards originating a revolution. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the refined moderation of his Court *menus* and the intolerable and interminable agglomeration of dishes at our City feasts and great company festivals. With the self-respect of the fastidious artist he sets his face against mixing wines and liqueurs, from the Sauterne of the oysters and the Madeira of the turtle to the Chartreuse or Benedictine that chase the coffee. His treatises are both practical and scientific, though perhaps he devotes excessive attention to the decoration and ornamentation of his chief dishes. Elaboration implies delay. But the cosmopolitan *chef* pays a graceful compliment to the progress of art in England, nor is it possible to quote a more unimpeachable authority:

"English cookery, considered in its practical results and its rich splendor, stands much higher than its former reputation; it has in every respect improved, and advanced towards perfection. The tables of the nobility and

gentry are served with uncommon opulence, but, above all, with the nicest care and attention."

He adds that "it is worthy of notice that in England culinary art is more studied than in any other country," which holds out hopeful prospects of further development. Of minor treatises written more especially for use in moderate kitchens there have been many. We know of none more practically useful than Cre-Fydd's "Family Fare." The numerous writings of Mrs. de Salis are amusing and instructive, though sometimes inexact. Lady Harriet St. Clair's "Dainty Dishes" is not undeserving of its attractive title: "The Cookery Book" of Margaret Sims is no unworthy sequel to that of the classical Meg Dodds: Mrs. Henry Reeve's "Cookery and Housekeeping" is the fruit of rich experience and refined hospitality. We have left to the last the colossal "Encyclopædia of Practical Cookery," edited by Mr. Garrett, with the assistance of celebrated and decorated specialists. It appeared last autumn, it brings everything down to date, and extends over two thousand quarto pages. Not unreasonably does it boast itself "A Complete Dictionary of all pertaining to the Art of Cookery and Ta-

ble Service," and we marvel at the multiplicity of the details. Here again compiler and contributors are agreed that "simplicity and economy are the spirit of artistic cookery." The book is interspersed with pregnant quotations from standard authors. Listen, for example, to Kettner, on the abuse of the truffle. The truffle served fresh in the winter time, in France or Italy, is exquisite. Kettner says that "at its best, it is beyond praise," but that "a fresh mushroom gathered in English fields is worth more than all but a sprinkling of the truffles that cross the Channel." We single out that dictum because we have long felt assured that the craze for the bottled and shrivelled truffle is the curse of pretentious English *entrées* and sauces.

In dismissing the subject of satisfactory dining, we would offer one closing word. As patience is the paramount virtue of a cook, so punctuality should be the considerate response of his employer. There are few men we admire more than Curran. We admire him, not for his wit, not for his eloquence, not for his sturdy independence or ill-regulated patriotism, but because he always dined precisely at his fixed hour of five, and would never wait a second, even for the Lord Chancellor.

*The Quarterly Review.*

#### IN CHAINS.

It was rather more than nine years ago that I returned from leave of absence in Europe and took charge of the district which is the interior of the State of Pahang, and the exact core and center of the Malay Peninsula. It was a huge tract of country, and in those days was reckoned the wildest part of the protected Malay States.

It did not boast a mile of made road in all its vast expanse; it was smothered in dense damp forest, threaded across and across with little bustling streams or hurrying rivers—the latter the best of our highways; and a sparse sprinkling of Malay villages was strewn over its surface, shady clumps of palm and fruit groves,

adjoining wide stretches of glaringly green rice-fields and grazing-grounds. There were a few camps filled with Chinese miners engaged in fossicking for gold, a band or two of sulky Australian prospectors sorely discontented with the results which they were obtaining, and an odd thousand or so of squalid aborigines living in dirt and wretchedness up in the mountains. For the rest the population of my district was composed entirely of native chiefs—the overlords and oppressors—and of native villagers—the serfs and the oppressed. The power of the former had not yet been broken or fettered; the spirit of independence which now animates the latter class had not then been awakened; the world into which I was suddenly precipitated—an influence shot straight out of the civilized nineteenth century into a living past—was one as primitive as any which existed in Europe in the early middle ages.

I had a hut on the banks of the Lipis river, a single room staggering upon six crazy piles fifteen feet high, which was at once my dwelling, my office, my treasury, and my courthouse. The ceiling was formed by the brownny-yellow thatch, running up into a peak, supported upon a network of round wooden rafters, in which by day the great black flying beetles bored their holes, covering me with fine dust, while at night-time the rats chased one another about overhead, squeaking dismally. When I looked out of my window—a little irregular patch of sunlight, sawn unevenly out of the walls of ragged bamboo—I looked down fifty feet sheer into the olive-green waters of the Lipis, for the long stalk-like legs upon which my hut was built were canted dangerously riverwards. From under their feet the bank fell away in a headlong pitch, so that I lived in the expectation of seeing my habitation take a leap into the cool waters of the

stream; and when the wind came down in the heavy gusts which, in the spring, herald the daily afternoon downpour, I could feel the whole thing bracing itself for the jump with a creaking of timbers, and a noisy whining of the straining wattling.

It was not much of a hut, it must be confessed, but in those days I stood but little in need of a dwelling-place of my own. The district under my charge was a huge one, and seemed to be cut off from the rest of the created world almost as entirely as a portion of an alien star could have been, while I was set aside from my fellows to learn all that was possible concerning it, to win the shy confidence of my "new-caught sullen people, half devil and half child," to make myself a factor in their life of everyday, and thereby to establish a personal influence among them, the which, in a new land, is the first, surest foundation of the white man's rule. All this meant that it was my lot to rival the restlessness of the Wandering Jew; to sleep rarely more than a single night in succession in the same casual resting-place; to live on what I could get—and that was not always anything worth mentioning; and little by little to so familiarize the natives with my ubiquity that all should come to regard me as one of the commonest features in every village scattered up and down a countryside, which was some three or four thousand square miles in extent.

It would not be easy to conceive a life more delightful for a healthy youngster blessed with a keen interest in the much which he was learning, and in the little which he was slowly and cautiously teaching. A hurried meal soon after the dawn had broken; a long tramp from village to village while daylight lasted; a swim in the river; a huge plate of rice and curry, of a sort, eaten with a hunter's appetite; a smoke, and a yarn with the el-

ders of the village, picturesque figures grouped gravely in a circle chewing betel-nut as the placid cattle masticate the cud; a dispute or two, perhaps, settled between smoke and smoke, without any magisterial formalities; a little information picked up here and there upon matters which would some day be of importance,—and then sound, soul-satisfying sleep, an early waking, and another long day of labor and of life. By boat and raft on rivers great and small; tramping through gloomy depths of forest, or across rice-swamps sizzling in the heat; camping at night-time in a headman's house beneath the peaked roof of a little village mosque, or in some crop-watcher's hut among the standing rice; sleeping on a sand-bank, in a boat, on the ground in the dead jungle with a green palm-leaf shelter above my head to ward off the worst of the drenching dews,—however I travelled, wherever I stayed or halted, no matter who the strange folk with whom I consorted, I tasted to the full the joys of a complete independence, the delights of fresh open air, hard exercise, and enough work for the intellect to keep the brain as fit and supple as the limbs. I had been jerked out of the age in which I had been born, out of the scurry and the bustle of European life, into a wild unfettered freedom among a semi-civilized people, where nature still had her own way unchecked by man's contrivances, where the blood ran merrily, and the heart was made glad to overflowing.

I had had plenty of experience as a jungle-dweller long before I took charge of the interior district of Pahang; and since knowledge of how to travel and how to live in a Malayan forest-land is more than half the battle, I escaped, for the most part, the heavy troubles of which so many newcomers are able to tell such moving tales. None the less the jungles played their pranks with me more than once,

and the first trip which I took after my return to duty was packed as closely with small adventures as is the average boy's book with hair-breadth escapes and perils deftly overcome.

I left my hut early one morning with half a dozen of my Malay followers trailing behind me in single file. A gladstone bag, a japanned despatch-box, and a large basket, carried knapsackwise, and filled to the brim with cooking-pots, plates, dishes, and miscellaneous kitchen utensils, were the three principal loads. A fourth man carried my bed. I remember as a small boy thinking that the facility with which the man sick of the palsy complied with the divine command, "Take up thy bed, and walk," was the major part of the miracle, and this impression was strengthened by the picture in the old family Bible, in which the whilom invalid was represented staggering away under the weight of a vast four-poster. It was not until I came to the East that I fully realized how simple a matter the Oriental's sleeping gear is. My "bed" consisted of a native mat of plaited *mengkuang* palm-leaves, a narrow mattress half an inch in thickness, and a couple of European pillows. The whole thing did not weigh more than 20 lbs., unless it was saturated with rain-water, when it scaled anything you like to name. It had the additional advantage of possessing no sharp or prominent corners which might gall the bearer's back, and consequently it was the most popular piece in my baggage, and was usually annexed by the strongest and most violent tempered of my men. The unyielding despatch-box was generally borne by the man among my followers who was least capable of sticking up for his rights, and was naturally the least fit to bear the burden.

It was a bright cool morning when we started, with a little ribbon of

cloud-like mist showing above the tree-tops as one looked up the narrow valley of the Lipis, marking faithfully the windings of the river. The birds were noisy, and a few gaily feathered paroquets fluttered from bush to bush as we made our way through the low scrub jungle near the bank of the stream. The spiders had been busy all the night, and their slimy nets, stretched across the foot-path, clung to my face so unpleasantly that, contrary to my wont, I bade Akob, one of my followers, walk in front of me to keep the way clear of these frail barriers. In this manner we had trudged steadily for two or three hours, and the heat of the tropical day was already beginning to make itself felt, stilling the noisy life of the jungle, and drying up the fat dewdrops, when suddenly Akob halted abruptly and pointed with excited outstretched hand at something ahead of him. We were standing on the brink of a narrow creek on either hand of which a steeply cleft bank rose at a sharp angle from the water's edge. Leaning forward to look over Akob's shoulder, I saw that the bank facing us half a dozen yards away had a curious patch upon its surface, discolored a peculiarly blended black and yellow. Also I noticed that it had a strangely *furry* appearance, and a sort of restless shimmer over it which gave it an air of life. All this I saw in an instant, not realizing in the least the nature of the thing at which I was gazing; and then, without any warning, the patch rose at us, rose like a cheap black and yellow railway rug tossed upwards by the wind. A humming, purring sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it had precipitated itself upon us,—a furious flight of angry, vengeance-seeking bees. Akob, hiding his head in his arms, slewed round and charged away, nearly knocking me over. I followed him headlong, broke through my frightened

followers, tore out of the little belt of jungle which we had just entered, and sprinted across a patch of short grass as though for my life. For a moment I believed myself to have given the enemy the slip, and I turned to watch my people, their burdens thrown to the winds, tumbling out of cover, beating the air savagely with wildly whirling arms, and screaming lustily. The next moment I was once more put to hurried flight. I pulled my large felt hat from my head and threshed cloud-like squadrons of my foes with might and main. Still they came on and on, settling upon my flannel shirt, my coarse jungle trousers, stinging my bare arms and hands mercilessly, and making onslaughts unnumbered upon my face and neck. I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and was beginning to feel most uncommonly done, and to experience something very close akin to real fear, when suddenly I caught sight of the glistening waters of the Rengai, a little river which flows through these forests to the Lipis. I shouted to my howling men, "Take to the water! take to the water!" and only waiting an instant to slip my pistol-belt—a delay for which I had to pay a heavy price in stings—I plunged neck and crop into the shallow water. My Malays came after me helter-skelter, like a pack of sheep following at the heels of a bell-wether, and with us all came the army of bees stinging, stinging, stinging for the life. I was thoroughly winded by the time I took to the water, and it was impossible to dive for more than a few seconds, yet when I came to the surface the bees were there still, more angry than ever, and I was driven under water again with painfully sobbing breath. Again I rose, again I was driven under; my lungs were bursting; my heart was leaping about in my body like a wild thing seeking to escape; I was becoming desperate. It flashed across

my mind that to be stung to death in a puddle by a swarm of insignificant insects was in its way about as ignominious a manner of shuffling off this mortal coil as one could well devise, and yet the possibility of having to choose between death by drowning and death by stinging did not at the moment appear to be exceedingly remote. As I rose once more, I heard Saleh, my head-boatman, cry, "Throw a bough for them to land on!" The words were in my ears as I dived again despairingly, and in a flash their meaning was made clear to me. I swam to the bank, tugged off a bough from an overhanging tree, threw it onto the surface of the stream and dived again. One or two of my men did the same. When I rose again no bees attacked me, and as I looked down stream I saw half a dozen branches floating off upon the current covered three deep by a struggling mass of furious insects.

It took me the best part of a quarter of an hour to get over my panting. Then we drew ourselves out of the water and counted our losses. One man, a foreign Malay, named Dölmán, was in a fainting condition. He had been stung in nearly two hundred places, his face was a shapeless mass in which no feature was really distinguishable and he vomited so violently that I feared for his life. We put him into a boat, and the neighboring villagers of Dölut undertook to send him back to my hut at Penjum. Then the rest of us limped across the grass to the village, and lay down to endure the fever which was burning in our blood. Our hands were like great boxing-gloves, our heads like inflated footballs, and we had to abandon all idea of going any further that day. We were profoundly sorry for ourselves, and were exceedingly annoyed when one of our number came in half an hour later perfectly unharmed. He told us that he

had seen the bees coming, and had sat still to await their assault. They had covered him from head to foot, he said; but since a bee is aware that to sting entails death to himself, he never makes use of his weapon unless he believes that it is necessary for him to do so. Therefore the clouds of insects had settled all over my Malay, had decided that he was harmless, and had passed him by leaving him unhurt. It was anything but encouraging to think that we had had our run, our scattering fight, our suffocation under water, and the pains we were then enduring, for nothing, when we might have avoided them all simply by sitting still. I felt uncommonly small and foolish as I listened to my follower's account of his proceedings while he picked six and thirty stings out of my felt hat, and more than a hundred out of my flannel shirt. The bees, he said, were unreasonable creatures. Their nest had been swooped down upon by a kite which had carried off a portion of the nursery before the fighting part of the population had become aware of the danger. Then the standing army had been called out, and since we chanced to be the next living thing to come along their path they forthwith declared war upon us. So we had been made to bear this punishment for the sins of the kite, and had run ourselves dizzy when we might have sat still. The situation was undoubtedly ignominious, and trying to the most even of tempers.

Next day we continued our interrupted march, and nothing worth detailed record happened for a week or so. At one village a stealthy visit was paid to me by three young chieftains, whose father had recently had a difference of opinion with the rulers of the land, which had resulted for him in a violent death. His sons, who had had no share in their father's misdeeds, had promptly taken to the jungle, and

all manner of wild rumors were afloat in the district as to the trouble which they had in contemplation. I had known these men intimately before I left Pahang on leave of absence to Europe, and as soon as they learned that I was once again in their neighborhood, they sought me out in fear and trembling, to offer their submission to the Government and to pray that no ill thing should befall them. They crept into my camp in the dead night-time, armed to the teeth, with anxious roaming eyes, like those of some hunted jungle creature which fears a trap, and they ended by spreading their sleeping-mats by mine, and snoring lightheartedly till the daybreak woke us. Another night I passed in a mining camp, where a crowd of depressed Australians were squatting in a couple of makeshift huts beside a pool filled to the brim with dirty water, green with arsenic and duckweed. This was all that at that time represented the great Raub mine which now bids fair to become one of the big gold producers of Asia. From Raub I tramped on to the foot of the main range, where people of many nationalities were busy sluicing for tin, and thence I decided to cut across the forest to a river named the Sempam, which at that time had never been visited by a European, and was a *terra incognita* even to all save a very few of the Malays of the district.

Not without difficulty I succeeded in enlisting the services of a Sakai—a member of an aboriginal tribe of jungle dwellers—to guide me to the banks of the upper waters of the Sempam, but he stoutly declined to have anything to do with my proposed attempt to descend that rock-beset river. He moved along in front of my party like a flitting shadow, placing one foot exactly before the other with the noiseless cat-like gait peculiar to his people and to all wild forest creatures; and once he

complained that the "klap-klip-klap" of my canvas shoes behind him bewildered him so sorely that he feared that "the doors of the jungle would be closed to him," which was his way of suggesting that he thought it probable that he might lose his way. Like all his folk, he was quite incapable of comparing one thing with another, and when we were within a couple of hundred yards of our destination he still maintained obstinately that it was as far away as was our original starting-point. When this fact was disproved a few minutes later our guide was quite unabashed. It seemed to him, he said, that the difference between the two distances in question was imperceptible. They both were "a long way," and, viewed in this light, six miles and half as many hundred yards were to the limitations of his mind to all intents and purposes one and the same thing.

The banks of the Sempam river were at this point thickly grown upon with graceful clumps of bamboos, slender drooping stems, with countless feathery tufts of pointed leaves clothing them in soft loveliness. The river, some thirty feet in width, ran swiftly and almost silently—an olive-green flood flecked here and there with little splashes of sunlight. The forest around us was intensely still, for the hot hours of the day were upon us, and a sense of the wildness of the place, and its utter remoteness from mankind, filled me with a sort of awe as though I were intruding impertinently into Nature's holy of holies.

As soon as they had cast down their burdens, my men drew their wood-knives and set to work felling the bamboos for our rafts. The ringing sound of their blades upon the hollow stems carried far and wide; the bamboos creaked and groaned like things in pain, then fell earthwards with a whispering swish of rustling leaves

and bruised twigs and branches. A couple of hours' hard work saw four stout rafts floating high out of the water, the river fretting and fuming about their slippery green sides, the newly-cut rattans exuding white sap as my men bound the bamboos together with strong cross-pieces fore and aft and amidships. Small raised platforms were erected in the centre of each raft, and on three of these we placed our baggage. The fourth raft was reserved for me; and when I had rewarded the Sakal for his pains with a wedge of coarse native tobacco and a palm-leaf bag filled with black rock-salt, I took my seat upon the platform prepared for me, and bade my men push out into the stream. "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" they cried, and we slipped across the glassy surface into the tug of the current, the three other rafts following us in single file.

Until you have had the good fortune to experience it, the full fascination of travelling through a belt of country in which no white, and but few brown, men have previously set foot, cannot easily be realized. Here is one of Nature's fastnesses, where she has worked her mighty will for aeons upon aeons of time; no human being has had aught to do with this untouched world; age has succeeded age; race has been swept forward, has surged up, and has obliterated race; history has been made and unmade a thousand times by myriads of puny men; but all the while the great Mother has been busy and unmoved in this her hidden nursery. It is old, old, old; older than record; older than speech; older than man; and yet, for you, it is newer than aught else, a secret kept faithfully through all the ages for your especial benefit. You look around you with a fresh delight, with eager eyes that find a new interest in all they light upon, with a heart chastened by the solemnity, the mys-

tery of the strange place. The awfulness of your surroundings, the aloofness from your fellows, the sense of your exclusive privilege give you something of the feeling that may be supposed to inspire the newly initiated priest who for the first time lifts the veil which cloaks the inner temple of his worship; but here there is no grinning idol to dispel illusion, but rather a little glimpse vouchsafed unworthy man of the vision of the true God.

For nearly an hour we slid down stream through long calm reaches, where the sunlight flecked the dancing waters, and each bend in the winding river displayed to my delighted sight yet another picture of beauty and forest splendor. We were heading for the Unknown, passing thither through untrdden ways, and at every turn we looked for some surprise, some difficulty to be encountered and overcome, some strange prank which the wild river might try to play upon us. It gave a fresh zest to our journeying, put an additional throb of excitement into the scanning of each reach of running water as the constant twistings of our course revealed them to us one by one.

On either hand low hills ran steeply upwards from the water's edge, smoothed in vast clumps of bamboos, bunch above bunch of feathery plumes—the highest making a broken undulating line of dainty fretwork against the colorless afternoon sky. Near the river-brink huge *ngeram* trees leaned outwards clasping friendly hands above our heads, throwing a grateful shadow over us, and staining the waters a deeper green with their sombre reflections. From root to branch-tip they were festooned with innumerable parasites; great tree-ferns, smooth or shaggy, with their feet in deep rich mosses; orchids of many kinds, with here and there a little point of color marking where a rare blossom nestled cosily;

creepers and trailing vines, some eating into the heart of the boughs to which they clung, some lightly hanging from the branches like fine drapery, some twined about and worked in an inextricable network of tangled knots, others dropping sheer to the stream below and swaying constantly as the current played about their feet. It was a fairyland of forest through which the river bore us, and I lay back upon my raft drinking in the beauty of the constantly shifting scene with lazy eyes, fully conscious of my own supreme well-being.

The stream ran rapidly with a merry purring sound, and the rafts, kept straight by the polers at bow and stern, glided onwards quickly and evenly. Suddenly we whisked round a sharp corner, and, before we knew what was before us, we were caught in the jaws of a formidable rapid. I was aware of a waste of angry water, white with foam and fury, stretching away in front of us; of fifty blocks of granite, black with drenching spray, poking their sharp noses out of the river which boiled and leaped around them; of an instant acceleration of pace; and then I found myself grasping a spare boat-pole, standing at the bobbing bows helping my forward punter to fight the evil-tempered thing which but a moment earlier had been the smiling placid river. We were going at a headlong pace now, and the raft reeled and walloped so that, even bare-shod as we were, it was no easy matter to keep our footing on the slippery rounded surfaces of the bamboos. Of the length and the extent of the rapid into which we had been so suddenly tossed, we of course knew nothing. What might lie below it we did not dare to think; for the moment we had all that we could do to avert complete destruction by deft punting with never-resting poles. At the end of the first hundred yards we came to a point where the stream

was split in twain by a great outcrop of granite, and in a second we had to decide which of the alternative routes to select. We took the likeliest, as it seemed, which was that upon the left hand, and on we whirled again at a perilous pace. The roaring waters broke above my knees; the uproar of the stream deafened me; the furious pace set my heart leaping gloriously; the excitement of each new danger successfully overcome filled me and my Malays with a perfect intoxication of delight. On we whirled, yelling and shouting like maniacs, plying our clashing poles, leaping down fall after fall, our raft under water, our souls soaring aloft in a wild tumult of many emotions. It was only for a few moments, and then the end came—came in a jarring crash upon a rock, a scream of agonized bamboos, a thrusting upwards of one edge of the raft, a sudden immersion in the hurrying river, and three short, sharp, stifled yells. The raft, bent double like a piece of folded paper, lay broadside on across a projecting wedge of rock—one side lifted clear of the stream, the other under water, the two ends nearly meeting on the far side of the obstruction. I and my two Malays were clinging to the rock itself, though we none of us had any very clear idea of how we managed to get there; and to our surprise, except for a few cuts and bruises, we were entirely unhurt. Such of our gear as had been placed upon my sitting platform had been whirled incontinently down stream, and I could see portions of it bobbing and ducking thirty yards away. Then it dropped suddenly below the line of sight disappearing in an upleaping wave of angry foam.

Looking up stream, we saw the second of our rafts plunging down towards us, the two Malays at bow and stern trying vainly to check its wild career; and even as we watched the catastrophe befall, and they were left

clinging to a rock in the same plight as ourselves, while their raft, breaking away, darted down towards us, scraped past us by a miracle, and disappeared in a shattered condition in the train of my lost baggage. The two other rafts had seemingly become aware of the danger in time, for we could see them making fast to the bank a couple of hundred yards up river.

Sitting stranded upon a rock in mid-stream, with the boiling waters of a rapid leaping excitedly up at us like a pack of fox-hounds, which sees its kill held aloft, we shrieked suggestions to one another as to what was to be our next move. The only thing was to swim for it, and cautiously I let my body down into the white foam waves of the torrent, and pushed out for the shore. The swift current tugged at my heels, fought with me manfully, seeking to bind my limbs; but the river was not wide, and a few minutes later I drew myself out of the water on the left bank, and sat there panting and gasping. I had come into violent contact with more than one rock during my short swim, and I was bruised and cut in many places, but it seemed to me then that I had escaped almost scot-free, and I and my fellows screamed congratulations to one another at the top of our voices above the roar of the rapids. Then we got up and made our way along the bank through the thick jungle to rejoin our companions farther up stream.

Here a blow awaited us. The raft which had been following mine proved to have contained the knapsack-basket of which mention has already been made, and its loss meant that our prospects of having anything to eat that night were most unpleasantly remote. We knew that there existed Malay villages on the banks of the lower portion of the Sempam; but what might be the distance which separated us from these havens of refuge we could not tell, and

had no means of ascertaining save by personal investigation, which for hungry men might well prove a most lengthy and therefore painful process.

The first thing to be done, however, was to find out the nature of the river immediately below the rapid, which had wrought our undoing, since we still hoped that it might be possible to lower our two uninjured rafts down the falls by means of rattan ropes. Those who have never seen a Malayan forest will find it difficult to realize the difficulty which "getting out and walking" entails upon the wayfarer in an un frequented portion of the country. The rivers in such localities are the only easy means of locomotion, and the jungle upon their banks is so thick, so thorny, so filled with urgently detaining hands, that progress is not only very slow, but speedily wearies your nerves into a state of laceration. I bade Saleh, my head-boatman, follow me, and the other Malays stay where they were until I returned to them. Then I climbed back along the steeply shelving bank to the foot of the rapid in which the remains of my raft still flapped feebly, and thence scrambled through dense forest and underwood to a point where I believed that it would be possible to obtain a view of the next reach of the river.

It took us the best part of half an hour to gain this point of vantage, and then, clinging to a stout sapling with one hand, I swung out to the very edge of the forest-clad hill and looked about me. Then my heart stood still in my body, for I saw the terrible danger which we had escaped almost miraculously by coming to grief thirty or forty yards higher up stream. From where I clung to the hillside I looked up river to the point where I had watched my baggage and the second raft disappear, dropping seemingly below the line of sight, and the reason for their sudden vanishing was now

made plain. The Sempam ran here through a narrow gorge, enclosed by steep hills smothered in jungle, but at the top of the reach the river fell bodily in a glistening white curtain down the face of a precipice which was walled on either side by black dikes of granite, clean-cut as though hewn with a single stroke of some giant's axe. With an intolerable roar the whole body of the river leaped in a sheet of foam into the black abyss, casting blinding jets of spray heavenwards, splashing the rocks for many yards around, and churning up the waters of the pool into which it fell seventy feet or so below, till its surface was a heaving, tossing, restless mass of the whiteness of cotton wool. A little lower down stream the pool widened somewhat, and here it was a deep blackish green, gloomy, profound, terrible, mysterious, circling slowly round and round before shooting its contents off again upon its restless way down fall after fall with a mighty crashing roar and strife of contending waters. From where I was perched I could see for near a quarter of a mile along the river's length—a most unusually extended view for a man to obtain in the heart of a Malayan jungle—and at every yard of the way Death was written in unmistakable characters for any whom the falls might succeed in sucking into their grip. Had it not been for that providential capsizing farther up stream, I and my companions would infallibly have been reduced in the space of a few moments to the finest of fine atoms; for once within the clutch of the upper fall, nothing in the wide world could have saved us from a dreadful death. It came as a shock, this reflection, as I looked out over the line of falls, and realized how closely we had gazed into the eyes of death but a few minutes earlier, all unconsciously, unthinkingly, with a light-heartedness so com-

plete, while half mad with the fierce joy of living.

I sent Saleh back for my fellows, and sat down where I was to await their coming. The insistent roar of the rapids filled my hearing; the wild beauty of the scene held me spell-bound; but most of all was I impressed with the wonderful *freedom*, the vigor, the completely unrestrained savagery of the river. Here was a stream which for countless ages had leaped and thundered down this granite-bound pass, had slain innumerable living things, perhaps, with the callous cruelty of the mighty, and had never known an instant's restraint, a moment's check, a second's curbing or binding. As the stream below me tossed its white mane of spray restlessly to and fro, it seemed to me to be in truth some wild monster of a strange world, charging down this rock-pent defile, instinct with life and liberty. The very roaring of the mighty waters seemed to cry to me of their freedom; the wild motion seemed to mock all bonds. It was free, free, free, and the noise of the falls made my nerves tingle with a strange restlessness.

When my men had rejoined me we pushed on through the thick jungle, and by nightfall we had succeeded in getting out of hearing of the resonant thunder of the falls. But there were other rapids all along the river, and the music of the troubled waters was constantly in our ears. We camped on a sandbank by the river-side, and we went to bed supperless; for we had paid tribute to the falls of our last grain of rice, and Saleh, who had been chosen for the post of head-boatman because he combined in a remarkable degree those valuable possessions, a short temper and a long vocabulary, expressed himself with the latitude which we all agreed in thinking the case required. The dawn came greyly and found us very hungry and unhap-

py. We made an early start, and we scrambled and swarmed along the shelving banks of the river, through those dense and dreary jungles hour after hour, to an ever-increasing accompaniment of hunger and fatigue. It was not until the afternoon was some hours old that we came to a point where we thought that it would be possible to again make use of bamboo rafts with some prospect of success. Accordingly we all fell to work in sullen silence, and an hour or so later set off down stream, looking eagerly for a village as each bend was rounded. The night shut down upon us again, but we did not halt for that. We might be any distance from human habitations for all we knew to the contrary, and we were already so spent that we did not dare to delay even for the sleep which we craved. At about half-past eight we saw a point of light ahead of us, and a few minutes later we were eagerly devouring all the available cooked rice in the village of Cherok.

"The falls in this river be very difficult, *Tuan*," said a village elder to me, as I sat smoking and talking to the people of the place after a happy peace-bringing meal of fat new rice. "They be very difficult, and none may pass up or down those which are of the largest size. Even those which are smaller may not be approached even by the children of the river"—viz., the natives of the valley—"unless fitting offerings have been made to the spirits. The fall at the head, which is full twelve fathoms in depth, is named the Fall of the Kine-cleft Bank, for it is a narrow pass such as giant kine might make at the spot where they were wont to go down to drink of the waters of a pool or river. The next fall is named the Fall of Dew, for by reason of its spray the rocks and trees surrounding it are perpetually drenched as it were by dew; and the last of all is the Fish-Trap, for from out of its

grip not even a fish can escape. Ah, *Tuan*, it was not well thus to tempt the spirits of the Sempam, for they are very vengeful, and had they slain thee a great shame would have been put upon our people. Our spirits are free folk, *brang merdhēka* who care not at all for *rāja* or overlord, and have no respect even for the white men, *Tuan*, before whom the *rājas* themselves must give way if all men tell us be true. And this too, *Tuan*, the Sempam bath taught thee in hunger and travail. It will bear no chains, *Tuan*!" And the old fellow chuckled, well pleased at his jest, and at the prowess of his native stream.

Verily, I thought, his words are true. The river is free, free, free—free as the wildest of savage creatures; instinct with unrestrained life, and a fierce, splendid liberty.

A few weeks ago I visited the Sempam Falls again. I was driven thither from the foot of the mountains in a small dog-cart by the manager of a mine, and I spent the night in a well-appointed bungalow, after dining at a table which fairly groaned beneath the good cheer which it bore. From end to end of the Falls a made road skirted the right bank of the river for a distance of about a mile. Below the bungalow in the valley was a square power station covered in with a hideous roof of corrugated iron; from it, running upwards upon a sort of staircase of wooden sleepers, a line of great, bulky, black pipes climbed a succession of steep hills to the sky-line half a mile away. This line of pipes communicated with a reservoir made of solid concrete, which in its turn was fed by a large square wooden flume, which burrowed through the hills like a tarsmeared snake, and rose upon a gentle incline to the Fall of the Kine-cleft Bank. At the head of this fall the Sempam had been dammed across from

bank to bank with a solid wall of concrete; a portion of its waters, their services not being for the moment required by the tyrannous white men, was suffered to flow down the old channel, but the rest of the stream was cribbed and confined by the wooden walls of the flume, was stalled like a tame ox within the solid reservoir, was forced unwilling but obedient into the unsightly piping, and at the power-station, three hundred feet lower down, was made to yield up its angry strength to the service of man, its master, in order to work and light the huge mines seven miles away at Raub. I listened as the engineer in charge told me, with the air of a lecturer upon anatomy, how many gallons of water per minute went to the pulsing of that once free river; how much of its strength was taken for the electrical works, how much left to the diminished volume of the torrent. The scene, as I stood looking down at it, was wonderfully little changed from what it had been that day long ago, when I, first of all my kind, gazed in fascination at the boisterous falls. On the left bank, where I had clung, the jungle still ran riot to the sky-line; an outcrop of white limestone, which I remembered to have noted, stood out prominently as of old upon one of the higher hills at the foot of the falls, glaring, and bare of vegetation; through the deeply cleft walls of granite the river still danced and leaped wildly, though with sadly diminished volume, and a voice which was like a mere whisper of the roar and thunder of other days; and save when my eyes rested upon the works of man upon the right bank, all was as beautiful as in the past. But the supreme freedom of the river—the quality which for me had had so over-

mastering, so mysterious a charm—had vanished utterly. The stream was no longer the strong, unfettered, vainglorious monster of my memory. It was in chains, a thrall to man, and to my thinking it seemed to bear its gyves with a chastened sadness which was none the less most unutterably bitter and heart-broken.

The next day I left the Falls of the Kine-cleft Bank and rode fifty miles to my home at Kuala Lipis. My way took me through country which had once been wild, where now the great trunk road joined village to village, the whole line of my journeying being marked by newly-occupied plantations, and signs of the progress and the advance which white men and civilization bring in their train. Then as I neared my home, and turned my thoughts to the vast piles of official correspondence which I knew must be awaiting my return; caught sight of the hurrying telegraph peons, and remembered how at the end of the taut wire there sat one whose business it was to make me dance when he jerked the string; as I heard the "pat, pat" of the tennis-balls on the court within the dismantled stockade, and saw the golfers driving off from a neighboring tee,—suddenly the memory came back to me of what my life had been wont to be in that same district less than ten short years ago; and though this progress and advancement were the things for which I had worked and striven wholeheartedly, somehow it seemed to me for the moment that it was not only the river and its angry waters which had lost their well-loved freedom. Together we had shared the wild life which we had known and loved in the past; together in the present we went soberly working in chains.

*Hugh Clifford.*

## IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.\*

BY GABRIELE REUTER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE BY MARY A. ROBINSON.

## II.

May 15th.

Our rides have come to a sudden end. One day, in one of the dirty by-streets leading from the *Place des Consuls*, we discovered the riding-master on the balcony of a mean-looking house, with an unkempt woman and several dirty children, who evidently belonged to him.

A violent scene has taken place between McNaughton and Papa Validoles, in consequence of which the latter has forbidden the young gentleman his house. I have not yet learned what gave rise to the quarrel. I was too much occupied with my own affairs to pay much attention to the concerns of other people.

The vicomte has reproached me seriously for having treated him so coldly and unkindly for the last few days. I thought I had the best of reasons for doing so! But as he talked to me, all the thoughts about him and myself which had been troubling me suddenly became confused, and I stood before him abashed, like a school-girl who has received a scolding.

I suppose I had gone too far in repulsing him. One ought, of course, never to be discourteous. The end of the matter was that I asked him to forgive me, and he kissed my hand. And now I am vexed anew at all this, and only too glad that the whole stupid affair is over.

Mr. Validoles has informed us that my pupils and I are to go for awhile to his sister's. The latter, with her husband, is at her country house in Ramleh, half an hour by rail from

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Alexandria. This visit, therefore, will afford us, at the same time, a pleasant summer outing.

The chief reason for this change is once more Melpomene's state of health, which has not been improved by the discovery of the riding-master's unwashed family. Since that event riding has increased her palpitation of the heart in an unbearable degree. The doctor, in consequence, has changed his treatment, and prescribed for her rest and the pure air of Ramleh, which combines the advantages of both desert and sea.

We are to leave town to-morrow. Mahmudye is packing the girls' things, and, as I write, I am joking the latter about their vanity. They intend to take all their rich jewelry, countless dresses in all colors of the rainbow, indeed all their belongings, into the desert with them. The old negress brings in package upon package, and one trunk after another is filled.

I, of course, shall take only a few simple dresses and the necessary linen into the country with me. I should consider it ridiculous to arrive at Mme. Propontis' with such an array of clothes.

Our dear little horses are to be sold. I have taken a sad leave of my "Juno." Mr. Validoles hinted that this amusement would have proved rather costly for him in the end. I can well believe that. He must be very rich to be able to satisfy, as he does, every whim of his daughters.

Ramleh, May 20th.

"The Castle by the Sea," is the title which I should like to give this chap-

ter of my diary. Is there not a world of poetry suggested by the words: "the Castle by the Sea?"—

A lonely house, with a broad veranda, standing on a high, prominent cliff, at the foot of which the green waves are seething and booming, and wildly dashing up their white foam against it.

Not a flower, not a tree round about, nothing but yellow sand, and, down by the shore, a wilderness of smaller rocks, among which it is possible to wander about when, on calm days, the waters have receded a little. At such times the damp, fissured rocks are covered with seaweed of the most varied hues. It weaves a crimson veil about the cliffs, it lies stretched along the white sand, like long, brown, shaggy hair; in the shape of pale-green snakes, or like delicate transparent branches of coral, it floats in pools that have been left in the depressions of the rocks. In these quiet waters, too, clear as crystal, droll crabs and strange starfish carry on their mysterious existence. Shells of beautiful form, deep-blue and rose-color, are seen glistening at the bottom, and from the darker crevices a polypus, greedy of prey, stretches forth his brown, slimy tentacles toward his victims.

And the fresh, salt-sea breeze, which never dies out entirely, but often roars madly around the house! The seething of the surf, and the solemn, awful boom of the broad, powerful waves far out from shore! The glistening of the sun on the green, the steel-blue waters, the gleaming of the moonlight on the dark, crimson sea!

Mr. Propontis and his wife purchased the Castle by the Sea with the proceeds of a trade in indigo. Now the two sit on the veranda all day, playing backgammon. The sharp, dry sound of the rattling of the dice and men is incessantly heard mingling with the mighty voices of Nature.

May 24th.

One would think that a wide, almost uncultivated plain of sand, like this Ramleh, would impress one with a sad feeling of desolation. By no means. Even when you turn your back to the sea, and wander aimlessly on over waves and hills of sand, which are crossed by no path, and only here and there covered by the low branches, now withered, of the saltwort, the view of the wide horizon, the solitude, even the monotony of the coloring—that interminable expanse of grayish yellow, with the deep-blue above it, have an effect that is inexpressibly soothing and at the same time elevating. Even the tents of the Bedouins, the camels which are being laden with seaweed by the shore, are, like the plants of the sand and the desert, as colorless and gray as they.

And then the light! The sun achieves its greatest triumphs here in Ramleh. Here the earth offers nothing that gleams and glimmers that could bid defiance to it. A flaming orb, it runs its course, streaming out its fulness of light so lavishly, in such floods of gold, that I, child of the North that I am, feel as if I had never, until now, seen any genuine sunshine.

Near the railroad station the country houses are close together, and are, for the most part, surrounded by fine, shady gardens. There are shops, too, and crowds of people; it is quite like a town. That, however, is no longer the real Ramleh. I am glad that we do not live there. We are at least three-quarters of a mile from the nearest villa. Villa is hardly a correct designation for this structure, which, though still unfinished, has yet begun to go to ruin again. We often pass it in our walks, and I must confess that it excites my curiosity. The blinds are invariably tightly closed. The house gives the impression of being entirely uninhabited, and yet, from my room in

*In the Land of Sunshine.*

our lofty Castle by the Sea, I can see bluish smoke rising from the chimneys at noontime.

—I have persuaded Melpomene to bathe in the sea with me in the mornings. It is delicious to plunge into the clear water, to let the foamy waves break over us, while we cling to the rocks, in order not to be washed away.

The baths seem to agree very well with her. I am on better terms with Melpomene now than with Aglaia. The latter since the breaking of her engagement, has been strangely excited and absent-minded. Is it possible that she had a deeper feeling for Mr. Nivero, after all? that she witnessed the little scene that took place between her intended and me? And was it this that caused her to withdraw from her engagement? I should be very sorry for that, indeed, although I was entirely innocent in the matter. It is certain that she avoids us and often goes to town to visit her friend, handsome Mme. Lavigne. Moreover, she insisted on occupying a separate room at her aunt's—while Melpomene shares my apartment. Until we came here she never thought of keeping aloof from us like this.

## May 26th.

Apparently, we have all three had quite enough of gentlemen's society. Melpomene, at least, speaks in very derogatory terms of the men. Since her sad experience with the riding master, the dear girl, quite repentant, has once more gone back to her childish ways. When her uncle Propontis asks her if she is not going to get married soon, she makes up a face and shakes her head, laughing, just as we used to do when we were eight years old, when old gentlemen asked us similar indiscreet questions.

She is studying hard now, however. I enjoy teaching her. The zeal of this great, over-grown girl is really touch-

ing, and it is comical to see her, as, with her fingers in her ears, and her head on fire, she studies the tasks which at home we set the young misses in short dresses.

## May 28th.

The villa with the closed blinds excites our curiosity more and more. This afternoon as we were passing I could not resist the temptation to enter the garden. There was no closed gate to prevent such a bold proceeding. The wall, which had originally been rather primitively built of rough stones, but was now quite dilapidated again, showed an aperture evidently intended for an iron gate, which, however, was still missing. The opportunity of investigating this queer, mysterious abode more closely was too tempting. At that hour we were sure of not being disturbed by the servants of the house. No commands or wishes of his employers can deter an Arabian servant from arraying himself elegantly, at three o'clock, in spotless white trousers, cloth jacket and silk sash, in order to pass the afternoon at a coffee-house.

So we stole into the garden. Aglaia was of the party; indeed, if I am not mistaken, it was she who proposed this exploring expedition.

Through want of care during the dry heat, the garden had, not exactly run to waste, but been buried in sand. The loose dust in the paths reached above our ankles. Through the branches of the rosemary-borders, which it had powdered over, but not hindered from growing, it had penetrated to the beds and there smothered all the tender flowers. Sadly their parched skeletons stood there in the clear white light of the sun.

In the stone basin of the dried-up fountain the sand was several inches deep. A long snake, shining like metal, lay curled up in undisturbed comfort on the warm bed it had discovered.

In front of the veranda there were still some traces of carpet-beds. But they had been actually inundated by the dry, light yellow waves of sand, and it seemed almost a miracle to see here and there a tiny brown or red foliage plant stretching forth its head and struggling for its bit of life.

The columns of the veranda had apparently been designed, in better days, to be covered with creepers. A few brown vines hung from the wires nailed up for that purpose; not even the convolvulus, which grows so luxuriantly in all the gardens round about, had flourished here. It almost seemed as if some one had taken a strange pleasure in seeing these pretty grounds run to waste again. Only to the left of the house, where we found the scoop-wheel, the spokes and buckets of which were broken in many places, some moisture seemed to have penetrated the soil. Here there was a row of tall oleander bushes. Their leathery leaves, too, seemed lifeless, and were covered with dust, but the scarlet tinge of the bud-clusters foretold the wealth of blossoms which would open in a few days.

We ascended the veranda steps on tiptoe. Startled lizards darted away at the sight of us. Very gently we turned the knob of the front door; it was locked. Oh, how our hearts beat! It was delightfully exciting. The blinds were again closed, but I noticed that one of them, like everything round about, was somewhat dilapidated. I raised the slat which was loosened. And actually, if we pressed our faces close enough, we could peep into a room, the windows of which were open behind the blinds. It had a surprisingly cosy look. The wall in the background was filled with books to the ceiling, while close to the window through which we were peeping there stood a writing-table, likewise covered with books and with papers.

"A learned hermit," I whispered, after my pupils, too, had taken a survey of everything that could be seen from our narrow peephole.

"Oh," remarked Aglaia, "they are often very interesting and usually rich."

"If he were rich, it is not likely that he would live in this tumble-down place," replied Melpomene; "the house is not even finished off outside."

"He has probably had misfortunes to contend with, so that he does not care how he lives," was my rejoinder.

"Oh, mademoiselle, you are always so romantic!" cried Melpomene, full of admiration. Aglaia pinched her arm to prevent her from talking so loud.

"Let us leave him a souvenir," she proposed.

Amid much suppressed giggling, we resolved to push a pomegranate blossom, which Aglaia wore on her bosom, through the opening in the blind. This was not easily done, and required care, so that the flower would not be crushed. We got from the garden a delicate, dry twig, with which we pushed the flower through the crack, and then directed it to a conspicuous place near the front edge of the writing table.

How we laughed while thus engaged!

If there was anybody in the house, we must have been heard. But nothing stirred.

We should have been so glad to play some other mad prank, but could not agree about one. I proposed to pull the bell and then run away. But my stout pupils are unfortunately not nimble enough for such tricks. And, moreover, we could have been seen across the whole plain.

May 30th.

Well, now we know everything! As if by a magic charm, or by magnetic power, we were drawn to the lonely

house again the following day. Possibly we might meet with a very rough reception, but we could not help it; we felt impelled to see whether anything had happened there in the meantime. Aglaia, in particular, was burning to convey another flower to the hermit's writing-table.

In order to make sure that nobody was in the room, we all three pressed our faces close to the broken blind.—At that moment the door of the house opened. We started back, and found ourselves opposite a tall gentleman, who looked at us gravely, with calm eyes and a wearied expression.

Heavens! how ashamed I felt of having acted in such a childish manner! If he had only laughed, or scolded us, it would not have been so bad. But he merely asked with quiet dignity, in French, though with a strong English accent:

"Can I do anything for you, young ladies?"

It is only now that I realize what remarkable presence of mind Aglaia displayed at that moment. While I, in desperation, was vainly seeking words for an excuse, she broke out into the merriest laughter that I have ever heard from her lips, and cried:

"*O monsieur, mais c'est une aventure, une vraie aventure!*" And, at the same time, she archly waved the pomegranate blossom to and fro between her fingers, and finally fastened it to the waist of her white dress, where it looked very pretty.

With wonderful volubility she declared that we had had no idea—not the remotest idea who lived in this house. That she had remarked that only a man who had met with trials in his life could seclude himself so completely from human society, and she had wished to give that man a pleasure by the flower which she had thrown on his table. But she saw now that she only disturbed him in his

studies, that she had annoyed him. And finally she begged his pardon for us all in the most charming manner.

To tell the truth, the girl acted a perfect comedy. And at the same time she was really inexpressibly captivating. I stood beside her in speechless bewilderment, and once more distinctly realized how far my pupils excel me in the *savoir-faire* of life.

Whether Aglaia's manœuvres, in conjunction with her beauty, made any impression on the hermit, was not perceptible. His regular features remained almost motionless. It was evident, however, that he wished to retain us.

"I thank you for the flower," he said, with aristocratic courtesy. "Will the ladies not convince themselves that I fully appreciated such a gift from kind, unknown hands?"

So saying, he opened the front door and asked us to walk in. We looked at each other irresolutely for a moment; I shook my head at the girls, but Aglaia seemed not to notice it, and had already entered the vestibule, talking merrily. The hall was arranged as a dining-room, and ended, on the opposite side, in a semi-circular niche, lit by high windows.

"Allow me to introduce myself to my visitors," said our host, with a bow. "My name is McNaughton."

"Why," cried Melpomene, in surprise, "are you a relative of Mr. McNaughton of the Ottoman Bank?"

"I am his uncle," replied the gentleman. He then asked if he had the pleasure of seeing the M<sup>es</sup> Validores and their governess at his house—that his nephew had often spoken to him of us. We assented. Then he showed us the flower, which was carefully preserved in a glass of water standing on his writing-table. We chatted a while longer, and finally he asked if he might have the honor of calling on us the next morning.

So it seems he is not a confirmed misanthrope. I would lay a wager, however, that Aglaia knew perfectly well who lived in that house. Young McNaughton's uncle is still a fine-looking man; I should not take him to be older than thirty-eight.

June 2d.

He really called, and patiently sub-

mitted to being entertained by Aglaia. His keen, serious, blue eyes seemed to be trying to penetrate to her very soul as he listened to her. I wondered that she could stand that look so bravely. I only know that once, when he turned his eyes on me, I forthwith resolved to go to my room and wash the black from my eyebrows. And I did so, as soon as Mr. McNaughton had left us.

*(To be continued.)*

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### A WET EVENING.

Lady Day in Harvest, Co. Kerry.

The silvern circle of this summer lake,  
Each ripple's curl a petal of mother-o'-pearl,  
Curves iron-grim, since ruffling winds awake,  
And tented mists unfurl.  
The kingly shadow of the mountain-wall,  
That purple and gold flung down with every fold  
Across the crystal floor, is vanished all  
In grayness blank and cold.  
Its lifted peak, that while clear skies o'ershone  
With hyacinth crest their bluebell awning broke,  
Stoops faintly, grown an old wan-visaged crone  
Huddled in her hadden cloak:  
Far, far to seek the shining, lost and flown.  
As yester-even's smoke.

Yet if to-morrow beam thro' amber rift,  
How swiftly bright shall all flash back on sight!  
Still water's sheen, high slopes that glint and shift  
With sudden lawns of light.  
Only in small chequered fields, begun to glow  
With burning bloom of haulm and ear and plume,  
The glory, blurred away and stricken low,  
What torch shall re-illumine?  
Storm-tangled, drenched, tossed dank on black peat-mire,  
Foam-flame of feathery gold—ah, wind and rain  
That now conspire, forbear our hearts' desire,  
And lest our year-long hope lie quelled and slain,  
No spark be quenched save that the world's Hearth-fire  
With morn may kindle again.

*Jane Barlow.*

The Athenaeum.

## THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The general characteristics of the Trans-Siberian Railroad may be described in a few words. It will be by far the longest railway on earth. It is very much more solidly constructed, for the most part, than is generally supposed. The road-bed is perfectly firm, and the track is well ballasted. Though in certain of the sections far to the east great engineering difficulties have to be contended with, the gradients on the greater part of the route are remarkably easy.

Uniformity of gauge is the keynote of Russian railway engineers. Accordingly, in possessing a five-foot gauge the Great Siberian is uniform with all the railroads throughout the Russian Empire. Thus, the ample breadth of the cars harmonizes with the luxury which astonishes the traveller who visits Russia for the first time, no matter in what region of the Empire he happens to be touring. The great height of the carriages, proportionate with the width, adds to the imposing aspect of the trains. It is necessary to bear these considerations in mind, for the idea prevails throughout the world outside Russia that this colossal road is being carried through not only with great haste, but also on a flimsy and superficial system. The bridges are necessarily very numerous, for Siberia is a land of mighty rivers with countless tributaries. All the permanent bridges are of iron. Those which were temporarily made of timber are being in every case reconstructed, and the Great Siberian will include some of the most magnificent bridges in the world.

The bridge over the Irtish is unrivalled. Being nearly four miles long, it is on that account phenomenal; but its stupendous piers, designed specially to resist the fearful pressure of the ice,

would alone convince any sceptic of the determination of the Russian administration to spare none of the resources of the Empire in order to make this railway absolutely efficient, alike for mercantile and military purposes. The Trans-Siberian Railway is intended to create a new Siberia. It is already fulfilling that aim, as I shall show. The most potent of the civilizing factors of the twentieth century will in this enterprise be presented to the world, and in a very few years people will realize with astonishment what this railway means.

The Trans-Siberian nominally begins in Europe. It is inaugurated by the magnificent iron bridge which spans the Volga at Samara in East Russia. The Volga is here a giant river, and this noble bridge joins the European railway system with the new Asiatic line. But practically the Asian line commences in the heart of the Ural Mountains, if that long and broad chain of low and pretty hills ought to be dignified with the name of mountains. Here lies the little town of Cheliabinsk, which five years ago was the terminus of the European system.

The effect of this wonderful undertaking will be the opening up of Siberia, making it easy of access in any spot, and the development of its incalculable but splendid resources and capabilities. During my own wanderings in Russia I saw nothing which so much surprised me as that large section of the Pan-Russian Exhibition at Nijni-Novgorod which was devoted to the display of Siberian products. I found that few foreign visitors to Russia who inspected that extraordinary exhibition were prepared for the revelation to which they were treated. All with whom I had any conversation

seemed amazed at the evidences of the wealth of Siberia. Not only natural products, but also artificial commodities and manufactured articles of almost every class were shown in the grand Siberian Halls at Nijni. So great are the potentialities of Siberian development that the Russians are fully justified in the romantic expectations they cherish of the results of this enormous railway extension. Too many critics of Russia, otherwise accurate enough, leave out of consideration the all-important fact that she is about to become, in a predominant sense, an Asiatic Power. In a few years she will be able to supply all her essential needs from her territories beyond the Ural. The facts to be taken into account are that Siberia is the greatest country in the world so far as mere magnitude is concerned; and that this huge territory is one vast repository of undeveloped resources, both mineral and agricultural. Before the middle of the next century, millions of the posterity of the poor "moujiks," the peasants now dwelling in the European districts of the Don, Samara, Toula, and the Ukraine, will be occupying countless "mirs," or village communes, which will dot the forests of the Siberian Tundra, the Steppes of South Central Siberia, and the lovely valleys between the mountain ranges that make the regions towards Kamtchatka one of the coming playgrounds and hunting paradises of the near future.

It is an interesting fact that Americans and Englishmen were the real authors of this splendid and romantic scheme for spanning the Asiatic continent with a railway from west to east. Here and there in the Russian provinces I met Englishmen very successfully engaged in trade. These were, however, almost invariably working on their own account, or for firms in their own countries which had com-

missioned them to go out. The time is almost past when the Russian Government will engage a foreigner to direct public works. Only two generations ago nearly every position of responsibility was committed to some clever man from the universities, laboratories, engineering works, or counting-houses of Britain or America. For the construction of the Great Siberian Railway the Russian promoters are relying entirely on native engineers. Nevertheless, it is certain that the scheme would never have been ventured on but for the impetus given to Muscovite enterprise by Anglo-Saxon brains.

In 1857 an American named Collins came forward with a scheme for the formation of an Amur Railway Company, to lay a line from Irkutsk to Chita. Although his plan was not officially adopted, it was carefully kept in mind, and it actually forms the main and central part of the present line. An English engineer offered to lay a tram-road across Siberia, after Muravieff had carried Russia to the Pacific by his brilliant annexation of the mouths of the Amur. In 1858 three Englishmen offered to construct a railway from Moscow through Nijni-Novgorod to Tartar Bay. Though all proposals by foreigners have been courteously shelved, they have in reality formed the bases of native enterprise. It is to the credit of Russia that she has determined to depend on the energy and ability of her own sons to carry out this colossal undertaking. It took forty years to think out the ideas now being executed, and meanwhile another great system of Russo-Asiatic railways has been mainly completed. I refer to the Trans-Caspian, by which a passenger can now travel continuously, with every luxury, from St. Petersburg to Merv. This fact alone must convince the thoughtful observer that a revolution has commenced in many of the conditions of civilization hitherto re-

garded as perfectly stable. A great disturbance of things is at hand, as the nations of Europe are about to realize. Great awakenings await our statesmen and our merchants. Splendid possibilities are at hand for those who may know how to use them. Russia will need peace, and she will seek to secure it on terms advantageous to herself. Why should she not? But it will ere long be more difficult than ever for even the most powerful foes to wage war with her, with the idea of making any impression on her impulsive bureaucracy. Contingencies will arise which will seriously affect the international equilibrium, and many of these will be occasioned by the completion of the Siberian Railway. Any who think that this enterprise will constitute no very important factor in the world's progress are dangerously out of the true reckoning.

One of the chronic troubles of the Russian Government arises from the uneven distribution of the population. It happens that those are the most thickly inhabited districts which are the least able to support a dense population. For instance, immense numbers of villages are scattered through the vast forest regions of Central and Western Russia, where birch trees grow by millions, while the great wheat-growing plains of the west centre and southwest are but sparsely inhabited. Then again, the infatuation of the military oligarchy has been evidenced in the plan by which all the railways except this new Siberian line have been designed for purely military purposes. The Emperor Nicholas insisted on all the lines being developed without the slightest regard to the wants of the towns and the conveniences of commerce. Even the natural facilities for engineering operations were not allowed by that autocrat to be for a moment taken into consideration. His engineers were once consult-

ing him as to the expediency of taking the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, by a slight detour, to avoid some very troublesome obstacles. The Tsar took up a ruler, and with his pencil drew a straight line from the old metropolis. Handing back the chart, he peremptorily said, "There, gentlemen, that is to be the route for the line!" And certainly there is not a straighter reach of 600 miles on any railroad in the world, as every tourist knows who has journeyed between the two chief cities of the Russian Empire. Even the Siberian line will scarcely contain anything direct enough to compare with this, though the perfectly straight sections are in some cases extraordinary. For instance, not very far beyond the Urals there is one magnificent stretch of perfectly straight road for 116 versts, or nearly 80 miles.

The traveller who expects that on the great Siberian route he will speedily find himself plunged into semi-savagery, or that he will, on leaving Europe, begin to realize the solitude of a vast forlorn wilderness, will be agreeably disappointed. This great line is intended to carry forward in its progress all the comforts of modern civilization. Every station is picturesque and even artistic. No two stations are alike in style, and all are neat, substantial, comfortable and comparable to the best rural stations anywhere in Europe or America. In one respect Russian provision for travellers is always far in advance of that of other countries. Those familiar with the country will know at once that I refer to the railway restaurants. The Great Siberian follows the rule of excellence and abundance. There, at every station, just as on the European side of the Urals, the traveller sees, on entering the handsome dining-room, the immense buffet loaded with freshly-cooked Russian dishes, always hot and steaming, and of a variety not at

tempted in any other land excepting at great hotels. You select what fancy and appetite dictate, without any supervision. To dine at a railway restaurant anywhere in the Russian Empire is one of the luxuries of travel. Your dinner costs only a rouble—about two shillings, and what a dinner you secure for the money! Soup, beef, sturgeon, trout, poultry, game, bear's flesh, and vegetables in profusion are supplied *ad libitum*, the visitor simply helping himself just as he pleases. I mention these little details to prove that the longest railway in the world is to push civilization with it as it goes.

Readers who will glance at the map of the new line will notice that the track runs across the upper waters of the great rivers, just about where they begin to be about easily navigable. This will enable the navigation of the Obi, Yenisei and Lena to be taken advantage of for the extension of commerce throughout their entire length. When all is finished there will not be in the world so splendid a system of communication by rail and river combined as in Siberia. It is fully understood by English authorities that the great valley of the Lena will become one of the chief granaries of the world, especially for the benefit of England. Captain Wiggins, by his famous voyage round the Arctic as far as the mouth of the Yenisei, by the Kara Gulf, has already demonstrated that we can for commercial purposes tap Siberia during most of the months of the year.

All through the summer, at any rate, America and England will, by the Arctic passage and by these mighty rivers, communicate with the heart of Asia, the railway in the far interior completing the circle of commerce. Other results will follow. Siberia at present contains a population of four millions—less by more than a million than London reckons within its borders. Mil-

lions of the Russian peasantry in Europe are in a condition of chronic semi-starvation. Ere long thousands of these will weekly stream to the new Canaan in the East. Within the borders of Siberia the whole of the United States of America could be enclosed, with a great spare ring around for the accommodation of a collection of little kingdoms. In the wake of the new line towns are springing up like mushrooms. Many of these will become great cities. There are several reasons for this development. The first is that the railway runs through South Siberia, where the climate is delightfully mild compared with the rigorous conditions of the atmosphere further north. The next reason is that all the chief goldfields are in this southern latitude.

The Russian Government is, of course, in most matters of administration the narrowest and most exclusive in the world; but in some directions we must give it credit for being liberal. For instance, it has thrown open the goldfields alike to native and foreign enterprise. There is absolutely no restriction, except that all gold gathered must be assayed at the Government offices, and that 10 per cent. of the net proceeds must go to the Crown. I was not a little astonished at the Nijni Novgorod Exhibition to see the enormous gilded pyramid representing the mass of gold that has been taken from Siberian mines. When these vast goldfields are rendered more accessible by the completion of the railway, all the gold needed by Russia will be extracted from mines in her own territories.

One characteristic worthy of note is the absolute security aimed at by the administration of the line. Train and track are protected by an immense army of guards. The road is divided into sections of a verst each, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile. Every section is marked by a neat cot-

tage, the home of the guard and his family. Night and day the guard or one of his household must patrol the section. A train is never out of sight of the guards, several of whom are employed wherever there are heavy curves. There are nearly 4000 of these guards on the stretch between the Urals and Tomsk. All sense of solitude is thus removed from the mind of the traveller. The old post road through Siberia is one of the most dangerous routes in the world, being infested by murderous "brodyags," or runaway convicts; but the Siberian line is as safe as Cheapside or Oxford Street. With the fact of perfect safety is soon blended in the mind of the observer that of plenty. All along this wonderful route grass is seen growing in rank luxuriance that can hardly be equalled in any other part of the globe, Siberia being emphatically a grass-growing country. It is the original home of the whole graminiferous stock. Wheat is indigenous to Siberia. Here is the largest grazing region in existence. Through this the train rolls on hour after hour, as in European Russia it goes on and on through interminable birch forests. Countless herds of animals in superb condition are everywhere seen roaming over these magnificent flowering Steppes, over which the Muscovite Eagle proudly floats.

Parts of the great railway, however, traverse regions other than these. To make the reader understand the general characteristics of Siberia, and the importance of the railway in the light of these characteristics, a few words must be said about the three great zones which make up the country. The first is the Tundra, the vast region which stretches through the northern sub-arctic latitudes. This desolate belt is not less than 5000 miles in extent. In breadth it varies from 200 to 300 miles. In winter the Tundra is, of

course one vast frozen sheet. In the brief summer it is swampy, steaming, and swarming with mosquitoes. Treeless and sterile, the Tundra is the home of strange, uncouth tribes, but it is a valuable training ground for hardy hunters. To the minds of most people the Tundra is Siberia. This mischievous fallacy is difficult to dispel. In a few years the Siberian railway will have completely dissipated it. Much more valuable is the far wider zone called the Taiga, the most wonderful belt of forest on the surface of the earth. I can testify to the profound impression of mingled mystery and delight produced on the mind by riding a thousand miles through Russian forests as they still exist in European Russia, where myriads of square miles in the north and centre of the land are covered by birch, spruce, larch, pine and oak plantations. Where do these forests begin and where do they have an end? That is the traveller's thought. He finds that they thicken and broaden, and deepen as they sweep into their majestic gloom across the Urals, and make up for thousands of miles the grand Siberian arboreal belt. In this Taiga the Tsar possesses wealth beyond all computation; and the railway will put it actually at his disposal. The third zone, the most valuable of all, is that which mainly constitutes Southern Siberia. It is the region of the Steppes, that endless natural garden which again makes Siberia an incomparable land. Sheeted with flowers, variegated by woodlands, it holds in its lap ranges of mountains, all running with fairly uniform trend from north to south, while in its heart lies the romantic and mysterious Baikal, the deepest of lakes. Through the spurs of the Taiga, running irregularly through the lovely Steppes, passes the new railroad, which thus taps the chief resources of the land. It will open up the forests, the arable country land,

the cattle-breeding districts, and, above all, the mineral deposits. Here is a fine coming opportunity for the capitalists of the world.

Various speculations have been made concerning the probable cost of the Siberian line. The official estimate at the beginning was 400,000,000 roubles, or about £40,000,000. But in such a colossal undertaking the ultimate actual expenditure must far exceed all anticipation and all initial intention. It is not likely that the two termini can be reached without a total outlay of £80,000,000. It must be remembered that for an immense distance in the far eastern section the line branches into two. The original scheme is totally altered. The proper Siberian portion has been diverted, and a Manchurian branch is to be added. How this has come about, and what profound issues depend on the alteration and ramification, we are about to note. But it must be remembered that, as the land belongs entirely to the Government, and therefore costs absolutely nothing, the original estimates might well be based on very economical calculations. Contingencies have arisen which involve enormous modifications, both in policy and in expenditure.

The Siberian Railway starts at Cheliabinsk, just across the Ural Mountains, which it reaches through Samara on the Volga from the European side, coming over the boundary hills through Ufa, Miass and Zlatoust. Shortly after leaving the latter town, which is the centre of the Uralian iron industry, the train passes that pathetic "Monument of Tears" which marks the boundary between Europe and Asia. The triangular post of white marble, which thousands of weeping exiles every year embrace as they pay their sad farewell to Europe, is simply inscribed on one of its three sides, "Asia," on another, "Europe." Passing down the eastern slopes of the

Urals the train soon reaches Cheliabinsk, running beside the Isset, a tributary of the Irtish, one of the main branches of the grand Obi river. On leaving Cheliabinsk, the traveller begins to realize that he is in Siberia. In the near future this section of the line will be traversed by many an explorer and many a hunter, who will in summer come to seek fresh fields on the course of the Obi, to track out towards the north the haunts of the seal, the walrus and the white bear. The line crosses the Tobol at Kurgan, the Issham at Patropavlosk, and the Irtish at Omsk, where the majestic new bridge spans a stream of 700 yards. The three fine rivers are confluents of the Obi. Kurgan lies embosomed in the finest and richest, as well as the largest, pasture ground in the world. The magnitude of this undertaking may be imagined from the fact that the Yenisei river is only reached after a ride of 2000 miles from Cheliabinsk, and then the traveller has not traversed half the distance across the Continent which this railroad spans.

We arrive at the main stream of the Obi when the train rolls into the station at Kolvian. Thus Tomsk, one of the chief cities of Siberia, is missed, for it lies further north on the Obi. In the same way does the line ignore Tobolsk, the Siberian capital, as it touches the Irtish far south of the city. These important places will be served by branch lines. Indeed, the branch to Tomsk is already finished. It is 80 miles long, and runs down the Tom valley northward to the city, which is the largest and most important in all Siberia. Tomsk will become the "hub" of Asia. It lies near the centre of the new railway system. It has a telephone system, is lighted by electricity, and possesses a flourishing university with thirty professors and three hundred students. Tomsk, Tobolsk, and Yeniseisk would be difficult to reach by

the main line, as they are surrounded by vast swamps, and therefore the line is thus laid considerably south of these great towns. They are accessible with ease by side lines down their respective rivers.

The Siberian line is designed to run through the arable lands of the fertile zone. The adjacent land will be worth countless millions of roubles to a government which has not had to pay a single kopeck for it. On for many hundreds of versts rolls the train through the pasture lands of the splendid Kirghiz race. The Kirghez are by far the finest of the Tartars. They are a purely pastoral people, frugal, cleanly, and hospitable, living mainly on meats and milk and cheese, the products of their herds. Both for pasture and for the culture of cereals, the vast territory between the Obi and the Yenisei will be unrivalled in the whole world. Kurgan is the capital. It will become an Asiatic Chicago.

On the Shim river, a fairly important though minor tributary of the Obi, is Patropavlosk, with a population already of 20,000. It is growing rapidly, and fine buildings are springing up, in attestation of the immense influence of the new line. The city was once the frontier fortress erected by Russia against the Kirghiz. It was of commercial importance before the railroad was thought of, as the emporium of the brisk trade with Samarcand and Central Asia; great camel caravans constantly reaching it. All the old towns which are traversed by the Great Siberian are being transformed as if by magic. From Patropavlosk to Omsk is a distance equal to that between London and Edinburgh, about 400 miles. New and promising villages are frequently espied in the midst of the level, fertile, flowery plains, varied by great patches of cultivated land. All along the track the land is being taken up on each side, and crops are

being raised. We are in the midst of the great future granary of the whole Russian Empire, and not of that Empire alone.

Reaching the Yenisei river, the grandest stream in Siberia, the train crosses by a bridge a thousand yards in length. But some time before this a stoppage is made at the town of Obb, which is a striking sample of the magical results of the railway. Three years ago not a house stood on the site of this city of 14,000 people, in which are to-day many handsome buildings, including several churches. The whole country was till recently a scene of wild desolation. The thriving community, busy with a prosperous trade, is typical of the coming transformation of Siberia.

A short distance beyond Irkutsk the line reaches one of the most remarkable places in the world—Lake Baikal. It is at once the pride of Siberia and the despair of the railway engineers. It is here that the really formidable difficulties begin, and from that point they do not cease, for it is the western section of the railroad which was comparatively easy of construction. From Baikal to the Pacific the work is much more troublesome and costly, both on the Amur branch to Vladivostock, and on the Manchurian to Newchwang. The Russian engineers dislike tunnelling, in which they are anything but experts. Baikal and the surrounding district they have found a terrible bugbear. This grand lake is as long as England. It is nearly a mile deep, and covers an area of 13,430 square miles. Its surface is 1500 feet above the level of the sea. On every side it is hemmed in by lofty mountains covered with thick forest. Only a few tiny villages relieve its dreary solitude. The early Russian settlers, impressed by the mystic silence and gloomy grandeur of Baikal, named it the "Holy Sea." It abounds in fish of many species, and

every season thousands of pounds worth of salmon are caught and dried. At the north end great numbers of seals have their habitat, the Buriat hunters sometimes taking as many as a thousand in a single season. Baikal is the only freshwater sea in the world in which this animal is found.

The Circumbaikalian section of the line offers stupendous difficulties. The track has to run round the south end of the lake, from Listwinitza to Mysawaya. Many torrents have to be bridged where the shores are rocky, and where they are flat they are very marshy.

The Transbaikalian section takes the line from Lake Baikal to the great Amur river. The line gradually ascends to the crest of the Yablonoi Mountains, reaching a height of 3412 feet above the sea level. This is the greatest altitude of the Siberian railway. In this province of Transbaikalia lies the interesting city of Chita, the far-off home of the most famous and estimable Socialist exiles sent from Russia. From this point to the Amur, where Manchuria is reached, the line is carried down the Pacific slope, through one of the wildest and most romantic tracts ever penetrated by railway engineers. Political events have revolutionized the original scheme for the eastern portion of the line, which is now to have three branches, touching the Pacific at the three points of Vladivostock, at Newchwang, and ultimately at some spot on the coast of Korea. The Vladivostock end is already finished as far as Khabarovski, the town which stands at the junction of the Ussur and the Amur. This last section of the line is called the Ussurian, and it covers a distance of 483 miles. It is not generally remembered by Englishmen that the Great Siberian Railway was begun at the Pacific end, and that the present Tsar Nicholas II., when Tsarevitch, inaug-

urated the colossal enterprise by laying the first stone of the eastern terminus at Vladivostock, on May 12, 1891, after the publication of the Imperial rescript solemnly decreeing the work on March 17 of the same year.

It may be a matter of mystery to many readers how the rapid performance of the undertaking can be ensured. The process is very simple. Seven sections are being made simultaneously. These are (1) the West Siberian, from Cheliabinsk to Obi, 880 miles; (2) the Central Siberian, from Obi to Irkutsk, 1162 miles; (3) the Circumbaikalian, from Irkutsk to Mysawaya, round the south of the lake, 194 miles; (4) the Transbaikalian, from Mysawaya to Strietensk, 669 miles; (5) the Amur, from Strietensk to Khabarovski, 1326 miles; (6) the North Ussurian, from Khabarovski to Graphska, 230 miles; (7) the South Ussurian, from Graphska to Vladivostock, 253 miles; giving a total length of 4714 miles, or more than a thousand miles more than the length of the American line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The chief troubles at present are encountered in the Amur section, where labor and the necessities of life are most difficult to procure. The first train reached Irkutsk in August, 1898, an astonishingly early date considering that the distance of that city from Cheliabinsk is 2042 miles.

The future possibilities of this railway are little dreamed of by the world at large. The Russians tell us that when their grand line is open throughout, the journey from Moscow to Newchwang or Vladivostock will be made in four days, and Shanghai may be reached from London in nine days. As to the fare, it will certainly be possible to go from London to Shanghai, by using this Russian line, for £40 first class, about half of the present fare to China by the cheapest sea route via Brindisi. As Russia now has increased

complications on her hands with regard to both China and Japan, she is determined to accomplish with the utmost rapidity the task of completing the two branches into which the line forks off in the Far East. Into the political difficulties connected with the Manchurian branch I do not here enter. They will be overcome by compromise with England. There is room

for the working out of the interests of both Britain and Russia in the remote East. The fate of China is settled. She may not be partitioned, but she must at any rate come under the virtual suzerainty of the overshadowing occidental Powers, which may put new life into her effete civilization without necessarily coming into collision with each other.

*William Durban.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

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### THE RECENT FUSS ABOUT THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

There is nothing more interesting, more amusing, and perhaps more melancholy than the recent fuss about the reviving of the Celtic speech of Ireland. The public discussion of it arose somewhat accidentally, in connection with the inquiry concerning the working of intermediate education in Ireland. A very few independent men gave it as their opinion that it was not practical or sensible to appoint courses, examinations and prizes in Irish for boys and girls seeking a general education to fit them for practical life. The number of candidates who speak it as a mother tongue is infinitesimal; to such candidates it is most important that they should study other languages; as regards those who take it up merely as an examination subject it was urged that the knowledge of it was not very serviceable, and it was asserted that the papers usually set were puerile and the books appointed not literary and otherwise objectionable. But even if this were not so, it was urged on the ground of economy of time that such knowledge was, to the crowd, useless, and that there was not sufficient time for the learning of far more important subjects.

The men who spoke out their opin-

ions in this direction were but a handful; the storm of opposition which their evidence before the Commission excited was such that a large number of discreet persons who sympathized with them, and had said so in private, either observed a prudent silence or declared themselves, for popularity's sake, on the other side. And, in any case, the great body of protest and of indignant vindication of the dignity and importance of Irish as a subject for Irish study was such that few will blame the Commissioners if they retain the subject in the programme of intermediate examinations. In fact, the only effect produced by the objectors seems to be that they have galvanized into life the well-nigh extinct study of the spoken tongue, and have set a number of people to establish a regular propaganda of the so-called native tongue of the country. That it is not so, and has not been so for a long time, is considered of no importance. The few thousands who were till recently ashamed of it as a mark of ignorance are now likely to dream that they have a nobler heritage than the millions in Ireland who know not a word of it and who have never even heard it spoken, and so we may possibly (though

not probably) have a serious recrudescence of Irish speaking, which will have even worse effects than the maintenance and cultivation of Welsh in Wales. And the indignation which any such statement excites among Welshmen is exactly parallel to the indignation produced in Ireland by the recent criticism of the Celtic craze. But indignation is not argument; violent charges against men of character because they despise the study of Irish in schools are not good reasons for convincing independent observers; so much so that if a calm critic were to decide the matter by the respective temperatures of the combatants—not a bad test in most controversies—he would conclude that the cool and sceptical few have possibly a good case against the heated crowd who are pelting them with every missile that comes to hand. As a specimen of these missiles I may mention the letter received from an indignant Irish editor enclosing from his paper a violent attack upon my views (I cannot call it a refutation) by a hysterical student of Irish, and telling me, "for my satisfaction," that while this article had obtained wide circulation, he had taken care to suppress my arguments, to which the article was a reply.

It was said just now that this recrudescence of Irish might possibly do even more harm than the maintenance of Welsh, though that is bad enough when we find a sympathetic Welsh orator declaring upon a Dublin platform with pride that whenever he spoke English he felt he was speaking a foreign language. No doubt his hearers felt so too: I can answer for it that his readers did. When such a person begins to descant upon the vast superiority of his native tongue, we feel that his personal conviction loses all weight as a general argument. But that the outcry for Irish in our schools is more dangerous than such movements else-

where will perhaps appear obvious when we have briefly analyzed the various classes into which the agitators may be distributed.

First in dignity and importance, though very few in number, are the genuine enthusiasts, who think that by preserving and disseminating the use of Irish they will preserve that distinct national flavor which makes Ireland—indeed, which makes any country—interesting. Within my own acquaintance I know at least two such people—one an ex-Rebel, just as conscientious in his former as in his latter state, a man of letters and of high education, whose opinion cannot but command respect from all who know him. The other is a Western landlady, who promotes Irish among her tenantry and dependents, and who told me with pride that they were beginning to appreciate it as no mere spoken idiom, but a speech that can be printed and studied in books, so that she hopes for a large development of interest in the subject throughout her district in the West. She is a woman of a large heart, who has lived in the world, and in the midst of her enthusiasm has retained that strong sense of humor which will protect her from the absurdities into which the advocates of her project continually stray.

If we had only to deal with such people as these genuine and cultivated enthusiasts, none of us would have a word to say against their arguments. No one, moreover, has a word to say against the philological study of the language by scholars and for scholarly purposes. As a matter of fact, Trinity College, Dublin, to which some of the critics of the movement belong, not only contains the best theoretical students of Irish in the country, but maintains a chair to promote the use of modern Irish.

The second class are politicians and political ladies, chiefly English, who see

in this movement a cheap and harmless boon wherewith to humor the people to whom they have refused Home Rule. Let anything or everything sentimental be conceded, let the people be humored with every toy, provided they attain no separate Parliament. It is, perhaps, the most signal instance of the stupidity of the ruling nation that they should expect a clever people to owe them any gratitude for this contemptuous civility. If they had the smallest insight they would know that these sentimental concessions will be accepted with scorn, and taken for admissions of incompetence; such things will all be used to strengthen and consolidate the larger and deeper claims which England and some of the Irish have determined to refuse. Not a single Irish malcontent was ever conciliated by such childish pretences of concession.

The third class are those Welshmen who, having made Welsh the vehicle of their religion, and so kept it alive, have persuaded themselves that the use of a barbarous jargon which hardly a civilized man understands is a high title to national importance and the distinctness of their province from England. In this, as we shall see in the sequel, they are by no means unique, but express a tendency showing itself with dangerous force in many parts of Europe. To any one who recognizes that the Welsh are in a lower state of civilization than the Irish and Scotch, and therefore have contributed far less to the greatness of the Empire, it will seem obvious that some part, at least, of such inferiority may be ascribed to want of a proper knowledge of English—the Imperial language—among the peasants of Wales. In any case the association of religion with the language of the people distinguishes the case of Wales from that of Ireland, where religion in two foreign languages, first Latin and

then English, was thrust upon the people. The former succeeded, the latter failed, because the former, backed by the strong organization of the Roman Church, had conquered the mass of the people.

But in earlier days the Roman clergy in Ireland were by no means advocates of Irish, though I may reckon them as the fourth class of those who go with the stream, and come forward now to demand the recognition of Irish in popular education. There is no evidence in the history of Maynooth College that any attention—even as much as in Trinity College—has been paid to Irish, though it is not unlikely that the present movement will compel some recognition of it there. But in former years the Roman clergy frequently set themselves in opposition to Irish, and very rightly compelled the peasants under their charge to learn English at school as a necessary preparation not only for emigration but for a fuller life at home. Perhaps the most interesting passage in this history was the attempt of the once well-known “Irish Society” to convert the people by sending among them Scripture readers versed in the Irish tongue. The Roman priesthood, more particularly in the County Meath, felt this attack so dangerous, and were so unable to meet it, owing to their own ignorance of Irish, that they set themselves to insist upon the use of English among their flocks.

Now we hear a very different story. To discourage Irish is to brave unpopularity, and so we have many wild pronouncements in its favor, all of which can hardly be genuine. One Prelate went so far as to say that of all the languages he knew (even including Greek) none was so powerful and expressive as his mother tongue. But for his exalted position, we might have ventured to ask him how many languages he really *knew*, how far Greek could be fairly included, and whether

he did not mean that Demosthenes addressing the peasants of the North-Western wilds would have no chance against the Prelate speaking to his fellow-natives in their common mother tongue. In this last sense his statement was no doubt strictly true.

But the learned Prelate does not stand alone in these absurd laudations of Irish as a language. There is another class of enthusiasts, whose profession it is to teach Irish, who expect either to live by it or to gain notoriety by leading the new movement, and of these many have lashed themselves into the firm belief that Irish is not only the noblest tongue in the world, but has a literature second to none. There is no hope of mending, or even of moderating, these self-developed enthusiasts, whose trade is to shout, whose only argument is to attribute sordid motives to their opponents in addition to charging them with lack of patriotism and with ignorance. The former charge does not even depend upon the definition of patriotism, both the assailants and assailed agreeing that a patriot is a man who loves his country and desires its permanent good. I, for example, may protest that I am Irish of the Irish, that I have lived all my days since boyhood in Ireland, striving to help young Irishmen to get on in the world—yet because I have the firm conviction that it is unpractical and mischievous to make Irish children spend their time studying this no longer literary language, and express this opinion publicly, I am at once set down as an enemy of my country, or at any rate as no Irishman.

I ask, is this reasonable? Are we to have no liberty of saying what we think regarding the proper education of our fellow-countrymen? And even supposing we are mistaken, even if we have judged the matter wrongly and have under-estimated the value of this study, are we therefore to be spoken

of as renegades or aliens in sentiment? How easy would it be to retort the calumny and charge with treachery to their country those who seek to starve and provincialize the intellects of the youth of Ireland by urging them to pursue obsolete and unprofitable studies as a privilege of their nationality!

We come now to the charge of ignorance—that is to say, that those who speak slightly of Irish are ignorant of the language and its literature, and have therefore no right to offer an opinion. This, at least, does seem a reasonable objection. But is it founded upon facts? The two Irish scholars known to me as men of learning and of high cultivation in other respects—as men who have thoroughly mastered other languages—appear among the witnesses in the recent Blue-book who are against the study of Irish in schools. As I know perfectly well that the education and the judgment of these men far exceed those of the fervent advocates on the other side, what can I do but follow them? They tell me that there is no body of literature in the so-called classical Irish, which they have studied for years, and that nothing valuable is to be learned from it except philological facts, and perhaps some folk-lore, neither the former nor the latter being fit for school purposes.

The reply of the other side at once showed its weakness. First they said that these scholars were ignorant of the spoken dialect, and could not talk with a native in the West. Not only was this irrelevant, but it was open to a ruinous retort from the ignorant man. He said to them, "Well, then, as you do know this modern tongue, which you say has a literature equal to the Greek, will you please translate some of it into English, that we too may enjoy it and know how elevating it might be to the youth of Ireland?" But then we are told, to our surprise, that the modern speech is a mere semi-gram-

matical colloquial idiom, but that in older books lies the real splendor of this literature. Yet it was from a knowledge of these very older books that the scholars formed their adverse opinion! And when we press the speakers and teachers of modern Irish to give us at least some specimens of this great national heritage, we discover that they are unable to translate it, the mediæval written tongue differing widely from the spoken language of to-day.

But the challenge of the ignorant man is not to be evaded, and until the advocates of Irish literature have shown us by copious translations some of its quality we are justified in believing the sceptics.<sup>1</sup> Let us not be put off with the evasion that the delicacies of the language are such that they evaporate in translation. That is partially true of all translations. Much of the splendor of the Hebrew poets evaporates even in our Authorized Version. None of the myriad English versions of Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, and other foreign poets can possibly reproduce the original splendor; but that splendor is even still visible through these translations. Let the Celtic party give us some versions that we can read—let them even put into these versions their own genius, as MacPherson did with his "Ossian;" we shall not weigh the matter nicely, provided they give us good literature. But till they have done so the ignorant critic is justified in believing that the Irish language contains but scanty reading of any importance.

But the class of professional Irish

<sup>1</sup> Upon asking a literary friend well versed in the literature of translations from the Irish, I was informed that there are not unfrequently legends which show a fine feeling and a certain poetic beauty, and I was referred to the following specimens, which I gladly here indicate to the curious reader. I will not dispute the judgment of my revered friend, but these few isolated swallows can hardly be held to make a summer. The references are to Dr. Douglas Hyde's Lit-

students is not large, and would rather be important for its noise than its numbers, were it not that behind it is a great mass of opinion which keeps comparatively silent, and yet is known to every Irishman. It is the mass of those who dislike or who hate England and the English, and who favor any movement which will lead directly or indirectly to a severance between Ireland and Great Britain. We need not wonder that such a class should exist, and should even be very large. It is the case of a stupid nurse alternately bullying and petting a wayward and troublesome child, until the child discovers that the nurse will allow it to do almost any mischief provided it will not bellow and kick and make a public scene. This mass of Irishmen who have been refused political separation have the intelligence to know that such is only a question of time, provided they can nourish separation in sentiment, and revive the hitherto decreasing sense of contrast in race by establishing contrast in language. They know that a sentimental grievance, which to the Englishman is tantamount to no grievance at all, is the only real, lasting and dangerous grievance. They have little love for the Irish language—very few of them know it or care to know it: in secret they probably laugh at the movement, and know that it is born out of due time so far as any healthy development is concerned. But it serves as an Irish cry, the *keen* over the corpse of Irish speech, the opportunity for exaggerating the merits of the dead and the vices of the living. And they must surely feel that the at-

erary History of Ireland—viz., p. 342 sq., "The Death of Cuchulain;" p. 370, "The Sailing of Owen Mor;" p. 383, "Lament of Credé for Her Husband;" p. 437, "Death of Brian Boru;" p. 528, "Life in Bardic Schools"—and some passages in Mr. Whitley Stokes' "Goldelica." I will add that Sir Samuel Ferguson's Irish poems are translations in a higher sense of rude legends into epic poems.

tempted revival has come too late, and must deplore that they never thought of it even twenty or thirty years ago.

Men and women of the departing generation have often told me how the peasants, even in the rich countries of Meath and of Tipperary, who lived around their places all spoke Irish, and how it was often difficult to obtain domestic servants who knew enough English for ordinary purposes.

So things lasted till the great famine of 1846-47, which swept out of Ireland, either by death or emigration, a large part of the population—to a great extent the very part which spoke Irish in everyday life.

Then came the great and successful system of primary education governed by the National Board, which, with the consent and even approval of the Roman Catholic priesthood, ignored Irish from the outset, and insisted upon English as the *sine qua non* in every child's education. From that time the use of Irish rapidly decreased, though in my younger days, say twenty-five years ago, I often heard it spoken even in towns on the eastern coast. I have heard the Irish cry at a funeral in Navan; I have heard buying and selling in Irish in Dundalk, whither the inhabitants of Slievegullion (Co. Armagh) and of O'Meath (Co. Louth) used to gather; I have heard it in the district of Bonmahon (Co. Waterford), not to speak of the West and South-West, where it now lingers pretty generally.

For many years back I have noted these linguistic facts with interest, and with a real love for the people, who will always be to me the most charming peasantry in Europe. No one desires more than I that they should preserve their delightful peculiarities. Even the *frieze frae*, with knee breeches and blue stockings, which was the usual dress of old men twenty years ago, and which was, of course, not really Irish, but borrowed

from England—even that costume I should desire to preserve: it is picturesque in its way, and is now at least a sign of old times in Ireland. But to maintain these things, which are or had become natural to the people, is one thing—to revive them, and teach them artificially to those who have laid them aside and forgotten them, is quite another. To insist upon our Irish youth re-learning their nearly extinct language is, as it seems to me, even more unpractical than to insist upon their resuming an old national costume which has gone out of use.

Let us now rise to broader considerations.

By far the most interesting feature in this attempted revival, and that which raises it into a question of philosophical history, is its connection with a general movement throughout Europe which is now tending to reverse the Imperial tendencies of former days. Once more agitation in Ireland has been the breaking of the swell upon our coast which indicates a far distant storm. It was so in 1798; it was so in 1848. The political excitement throughout the Continent set Irish minds in ferment, and led to an imitation, often unconscious, of foreign ideas. It is very likely that the most fiery of the revival party know or care nothing about the parallel agitations in Eastern Europe, and yet there is surely an unconscious propaganda from one to the other. In the Middle Ages Europe seemed to have settled the question of the intercommunication of men by adopting Latin as the *lingua franca* and allowing everybody to speak his own language in peace. But then arose Empires which welded together diverse nationalities and induced them to adopt the tongue of the conquering and predominant partner. In this process France is the most remarkable instance of success; but though all official and literary work in that country

employs French, a large proportion of the peasantry of France speaks habitually languages very alien to French—Breton, Béarnais, Provengal, Walloon and, till recently, not a little German. Were it not for the great centralization effected first by Louis the Fourteenth, then by Napoleon, the various provinces of France might now be emulating the newest Welsh and Irish agitation; nor should I be astonished if we yet saw a recrudescence of their tongues in antagonism to the dominant language. When we move eastward, and consider Germany, we see her taking somewhat tyrannous precautions against this danger, and using every care to repress the use of French or of Danish in her newly acquired provinces. In the same way Russia is forcing her uncouth tongue on German and Finnish districts, and seeking to assert her nationality as a whole against the invasions of French and German.

The instance of Austria is the most signal of all. The Hungarians have been successful in ousting German and re-establishing their Tartar speech throughout their country. The Czechs are following suit. This is being done on the very principles now advocated in Ireland, but it was begun in time, and by a very important section of the Austrian Empire. What are the actual and probable results?

When I first visited Hungary, in 1862, the people were still "downtrodden" by Austria, and I witnessed instances of violence and oppression on the part of Austrian officials. Yet everybody was ready to speak the German language, though everybody was full of national and patriotic sentiments. Pesth was an utterly original, charming, hospitable city, but outlandish and unlike other European cities, and no place could be more intensely Hungarian in sentiment. The contrast when I saw it recently was very painful. The use of Hungarian had indeed been so thor-

oughly re-introduced that it was constantly a matter of difficulty to find out what one wanted. The people had become self-conscious and self-important, and devoured with the idea of making a fashionable (and vulgar) capital out of Pesth. Hospitality had sadly decayed. People who had kept house with the open-handedness of primitive people had since eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and had sewed themselves fig-leaves to hide their ordinary life. The contact with intelligent foreigners was being impaired, and the whole place was becoming a shoddy, second-rate quasi-European town, instead of being a quaint, slightly barbaric, slightly Oriental, but thoroughly national and hospitable city.

I have had no opportunity of studying the Czech movement in the same way, but suppose the tendencies are similar. It seems to be a profound mistake that distinct nationality can only be sustained by distinct language. The greatest patriots Ireland has produced were English-speaking men, and not even bi-lingual. The city of Dublin, in whose streets Irish has not been spoken for a couple of centuries, and where English has been at home for six or seven, is still as distinctly an Irish town as Galway. If Irish could be re-introduced and spoken in Dublin as Hungarian is in Pesth, if all the announcements and titles of the shops and streets were set up in Irish, it would produce vast inconvenience to all visitors and to natives who spoke English only; it would mar intercourse and so injure the education of the people; and I am perfectly convinced it would not make Dublin one whit more Irish at heart than it is at present. It would, in fact, set up a false test of nationality instead of a true one.

The present controversy shows this clearly enough. There are plenty of men who have lived all their life and

done all their work in Ireland, who love the country and the people, who are to any external spectator redolent of the soil, who are, in fact, Irishmen in every natural and reasonable sense; and yet if they happen to be seriously convinced that the resuscitation of Irish is bad for their country and should not be encouraged, they must keep a discreet silence and acquiesce in all the mendacities or exaggerations about the question. For if any one of them speaks out his mind, the whole posse sets upon him: he is denounced as unpatriotic, as dishonest, as a disguised enemy, from every point of view as no Irishman. And yet he may have declared himself owing to an earnest desire to do his country good.

It is hard to speak with patience of such attacks, and of the policy which they presuppose. What chance is there for Ireland if those of her sons who think independently are to be bullied into silence? Are the few men of learning who live in the country to be set upon with calumnies because they see in the revival of many isolated tongues throughout Europe a retrograde step, a return to the dark ages—nay, even to the famous Tower of Babel in Hebrew legend? Is the great republic of letters throughout Europe, which since Latin went out of use has used at most three literary languages, to be broken up again into cabals representing the severed elements of this great accommodation, and are we to spend our lives learning the various jargons which have either absolutely or rela-

tively no literature, in order to humor foolish people whose pride consists in provincial isolation? Surely, even those whom these objections cannot convert must at least recognize that there is something to be said for imperialism, not only in politics, but in language, and that the advantages of a common and ready means of communication in speech are not less than those of a ready communication by high roads and railways.

If we could preserve in the few remote glens or moors the Irish which is still the natural speech of the natives, it would also preserve a peculiar and a charming type of man and woman, and I for one should be ready to make considerable sacrifice to do so. But I can only see one effectual method. The high roads leading into such a sanctum must be broken up; no light railways must be allowed to approach it by land, or steamers by sea; that noxious animal the tourist must be rigorously forbidden to profane it with his modern vulgarities and his demands for modern comforts. Such a policy might be effectual; it would at all events be honest; unfortunately it would also be absurd. I cannot think likewise of the attempt to resuscitate an artificial Irish language by means of teaching children to smatter it from bad grammars and bad text-books. Such a policy may not, indeed, at first sight seem absurd; but I do not believe it to be honest, and I am convinced that it will not be effectual.

*J. P. Mahaffy.*

## NEW WINES AND OLD BOTTLES.

## L

The Hon. Arthur Chalmers, only son of Lord Winborough, narrowly missed being an original man; he wanted the persistence of genius: he was often commonplace for such very long periods that his happy sayings when they came were apt to be considered quotations: this he thought hard.

At the time at which I write he was just on the point of attaining his majority, an occasion which was to be celebrated with great festivities on the large Essex estate of his fathers. Arthur would have several speeches to deliver and was anxious to make his mark.

This, in passing, was one of his originalities; the real ambition of his soul was to be thought an intellectual man. "Is he a clever chap?" was a question that was constantly on his lips. He did not pursue this ideal in a mean or vain spirit; he did not want to gain a flashy reputation for wit and sharpness to which he had no title; he could not bear to be superficial; but he wanted to have intellectual weight; he was conscious, not ostentatiously, of taking different and higher views of ordinary things than those who surrounded him; then he set no store on his rank which was assured, nor his family which was ancient, nor his wealth which was great. It hurt him to think that these adventitious advantages were what gave him consequence. He liked them well enough as conveniences, as bladders to swim easily by, not as a life-belt forming his only excuse for floating.

There was at Oxford a society of young men, self-styled the Evangelists. Their existence was a secret of which every one knew. Their object was se-

rious conversation with the Regeneration of the World as an ulterior aim. One advantage they certainly possessed: they were for the most part men of intellectual fibre, and spoke their mind at the weekly meetings.

To this society Chalmers had a year before been elected. It was the fact which, in the whole of his Oxford career, gave him high pleasure. It elated him perpetually to think of it. It never occurred to him that young men of virile mind, whose linen was not always clean, and whose trouser-ends were a little shady, liked for very human reasons to be on a footing of intimacy with the probable representative of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in England. Arthur had, of course, a keen interest in small-talk on abstract topics, and that justified his election. At this society Chalmers heard some striking things said, and learnt to speak fluently, vowing, somewhat to the disappointment of his fellows, at the last meeting he attended, never to prostitute his fluency to the deliberations of that effete institution, the Upper Chamber, of which it was so probable he would be a member. From this it is clear that he at least fancied himself a Radical.

At this time he was a tall young man, with an expression that was sometimes called "fatuous" by those who had not been introduced to him, "simple" by his acquaintances, "open" by his friends. His eyebrows, which were large and black, met. His eyes had a kind of melancholy. His complexion was fresh and clear. He dawdled in his walk and kept his hands in his coat pockets. He played moderately at several games of skill. His favorite authors were those whose wit condenses into proverbialities. In talk he was a

little apt to be sententious. He was anxious to quote, and did so, on occasions, with success, rarely, however, supplying the name of the author right; and lastly he had a curious vocabulary of his own, many of the phrases of which were never explained, short characterizations of people or situations in various languages. Thus he called a man who was fond of a display a "sheriff," a person replete with information and anxious to impart it a "governess," and lastly (these are mere examples of a great number), if any member of the company with a beard was so unfortunate as to lodge food or fishbones or sauce upon it during a meal, Chalmers would say to his next-door neighbor with a grave air "*plusieurs hiboux.*"

## II.

On the day of the great festivities at Chalmers' End, as Lord Winborough's house was called, Arthur rose very early, and, in the grey of the morning, looking out over the park whose rolling woods and knolls were covered with a faint bluish haze, studied with considerable care a number of slips of paper which contained quotations, headings and, generally speaking, the lines of his projected speeches. He was a little wrought up by this occasion and decidedly nervous. He was determined not to be ordinary, upon any consideration, but to say something that should more or less make the ears of his audience tingle.

On the table lay a gorgeous dressing-case—open, with its gold-topped bottles and all its barbaric apparatus—his mother's gift. Various other luxurious trifles were piled on the tables of the room. He looked at them without much pleasure or interest. They were not the kind of things he cared about. At last the bell rang, and he descended in his fine linen and purple to his moth-

er's room. He found her very placid at her prayers, and went and knelt by her. She put her arm inside his, and, on finishing the last Amen, kissed him quietly on the cheek, and murmured little sentences in his ear as she held him in a close embrace, sentences which made his heart beat none the less fast because they were nearly unintelligible. He loved his mother very dearly. Then the door of his father's dressing-room opened, and that worthy gentleman came out, with his face the color of new blotting-paper and his frock coat very much too large for him. He took his son's hands in both his own. "Arthur, my lad," he said, "it does my heart good to see this day. Kiss me, Nora, my dear, and let us go down, or we shall be late for breakfast and the Duke will be kept waiting." And he went briskly off, while mild Lady Winborough followed, clasping her son's arm, down the passages which had so often re-echoed to his shouts and laughter and his childish grief: the presence of the years was thick about them: past the pictures of his ancestors, smiling at him from every wall came the young heir; and I am glad to think that he gave them all a thought. He included them in his jubilee; but he did not repeat to his mother the remark he meant to make about them, because it was intended for his mid-day speech.

The tenants' dinner took place at one, in the great hall—a dark species of cavern in the centre of the old house, scantily lighted from the roof and dim with tapestry, banners and suits of armor. His speech was a clever one; he avoided all catchwords and party cries. He announced his belief in the surpassing value of principle and his adherence to it, and having thus quieted the apprehensions of his father and his father's friends, and the stiffer intelligences, he made what was really a democratical speech, almost socialistic,

dwelling on the equality of man, and the strange accidents of birth. This the unprogressive party looked upon as all very commendable modesty in a young man and nodded very approvingly; and in point of fact the only fault of the speech was that it was a little too elaborate. It did as well as any other fluent speech would have done from a young gentleman with a prepossessing countenance and of the name of Chalmers. The old weather-worn farmers, chuckling over their sweet champagne, with their legs tucked in under the forms, rapped the table with a kind of proprietary sense in the young heir, as each of the intricate paragraphs worked itself safely out; and the roars of applause that made the roof ring and the banners seem to wave, and brought tears to Lady Winborough's eyes and a deeper tinge to his lordship's cheeks, would have greeted a far less intelligent speech. Indeed, the only auditor who saw past the cautious exterior into the flaming centre was young Oliver, an ardent Evangelist, and the chosen guest of the hero of the day, and he was the only person present whom the heir's principles did not concern in any direct or material way.

In the evening there was a dinner of some sixty friends and county notabilities. The Duke of Essex, the Lord Lieutenant, the Bishop of the Diocese, all the friends of the family, quite a crowd of gentlemen called Chalmers, with blotting-paper faces, brothers of the reigning sovereign, with more or less unemphatic wives. Arthur was in his militia uniform. It was to be followed by a universal ball and fireworks in the park.

Arthur sat between his mother and the Duchess of Essex, a lady who received every communication made to her with a brilliant smile—(the same that had won the Duke's heart)—and at least five inclinations of the head.

She was a thoroughly good-natured woman who did not want to talk, but liked to see people enjoy themselves. She was an old friend of the family, and had insisted on kissing Arthur that morning at breakfast before all the assembled guests. It was in fact generally supposed that her grace, through the medium of Lady Harriet, aspired to the post of mother-in-law.

Arthur's speech in reply to the Lord Lieutenant certainly did produce a sensation this time. He began by some delicate compliments to his ancestors and all they had done for him. He would go so far as to say that he wished he could see them round the table, were it not for the fact that his own presence would in that event become rather otiose. Then he alluded to the fact that he had posterity also to consider, at which the Duchess hit Lady Winborough several times with her fan behind the speaker's back, and nodded an inconceivable number of times. He then broke into a different vein. He deprecated his remarks being received in a personal light, and assured them that his statements were purely general; but that in considering the portraits of his ancestors and all the opportunities they had had, he noticed with considerable pain the lack of originality or greatness among them; they had had leisure, and they had not written or thought; money, and they had spent it on themselves; influence, and they had not employed it except to do a few family turns and smooth a few rough corners. A race of squires for four hundred years, then ennobled for sheer respectability; wealthy in later times almost by an accident (Lord Winborough's property in and near Bradford had thirty years before become fabulously valuable), they had been the creatures of circumstance all along, tossed fortunately high upon the beach by the tide of things, with no spring or mastery of their own.

"There is but one way," said Arthur, tapping the table impressively, "by which this lack of greatness can be compensated. Either we must be unfortunate and have to remake our own fortunes—which may heaven forbid"—Lord Winborough audibly shuddered—"or else some talent must be grafted upon the family; the heir must marry a clever woman."

He sat down amidst some confused and half-hearted applause, rather horrified at the gloom which he had produced: he had been too serious—if he had played over it a little more and smiled a little more, it might have been passed over—but he had said it emphatically, ostentatiously, almost contentiously. It was not pleasant fooling: it had a savor of ideas about it—and the Chalmers mind, from long unfamiliarity with ideas, had come to regard them with sensations of something like disgust.

A very short time after this, Arthur quitted Oxford and made his *début* in London society. He found it as pleasant as healthy young men, who are clever enough to see the humorous side of things, and are moreover blest with great expectations, are wont to find it. People had heard of his speech; it had made a little sensation, and he was rather elaborately thrown into the company of the fair and wise aspirants to marriage and a coronet. But they none of them pleased him. They were not natural—either they were commonplace, and shivered on the brink of good talk, or they floundered hopelessly in the deep waters into which they flung themselves to please him.

"They think of *me* first," as Arthur confided to good-natured Lady Bruce, his aunt, "and of what they are saying afterwards; now what I want to find is a person who is genuine,—to whom thoughts and not things are the end of life."

At last he found her; she was the

daughter of a Dean. The Dean himself was pale, delicate, *spirituel*. He had been one of those fascinating London priests who are said by the hopeless laymen of their congregations to take captive silly women; for all that he was a great and a good man, singularly unworldly, with the manners of a courtier; bringing about with him to any one who chose to receive it, the sense of a higher, tranquil atmosphere where hurry and striving had no place. His daughter was very like him. She had an indefinable touch of *wisdom* about her ways and words. She was quiet, showing that this attitude was a deliberate choice, not a tame acceptance; not beautiful, but dignified; stately, without being self-conscious: she evidently neither knew nor cared *who* (in the limited sense) Arthur was: and with the perverse contradiction of our natures and with something like a pang of disgust at his own unexpected vulgarity, he found himself half-wishing that he could make her realize his great importance. He felt for the first time that his innate unassisted merits did not carry him so very far: nevertheless, before the end of the evening he was conscious that this young lady had a considerable attraction for him; strong enough to make him wish to pursue the acquaintance; but not too strong to prevent him from confessing the same to Lady Bruce. "High marks," he said to that lady at the end of the evening, "I should like to follow her up."

And follow her up he did with complete success; when he announced his engagement, his mother took refuge in tears and embraces, far too genuinely fond of her boy to wish that he should consult her tastes in the matter. Even Lord Winborough, whose courtship and marriage had been the one touch of higher sentiment in his life, did not formulate to Arthur or to his mother the faint disappointment he experi-

enced; he would have liked, he confided to the Duke, a good sound match, strengthening family ties and linking on the Chalmers, by one more string to the big families of the kingdom; but when the Duke said humorously that he thought the Chalmers had on the whole done fairly well for themselves, Lord Winborough at once admitted that Arthur was eminently in a position to please himself—for which he thanked Providence—and that he wouldn't spoil the lad's pleasure for all the heiresses in Christendom; and really the way in which the worthy pair welcomed Miss Wentworth was very touching and beautiful, and made poetry out of what bid fair to be a very awkward interview. The tone in which Lady Winborough said "Oh, my *dear*, I am so glad . . . you must try to think of me as a mother now," was not only kind—it was tender; and when Maud, in the secret conclave which followed between the two pure souls, confessed that since she lost her mother many years before, it was one of the sweet relationships that she had hungered for every day, Lady Winborough's last defence was won. And Lord Winborough had kissed her and held her at arm's length and kissed her again in a gentle paternal fashion which had gone straight to the young lady's heart, and straighter still to the heart of the happy young lover who stood beside her, who could find no better words than to hold out his hand to his father and say, "Thank you, *papa*," with a suspicion of emotion that made that worthy gentleman hurry from the room.

There was a tremendous wedding in due course. The circumstances demanded that; and things were made still more pleasant by the Dean being offered and accepting a bishopric, and consequently taking precedence of Lord Winborough, a fact which that worthy man with his Tory instincts

felt was somehow appropriate to the situation. Even Uncle Peter quite fell in love with the bride, though she was a kind of tangible symbol to him of his dethronement from possible succession to the honors, and poking Arthur in the ribs said, "Well, my boy, is *she* clever enough? Why, you'll be able to talk about Plato and Trigonometry all evening now" (those two subjects being to that gentleman the pinnacles of literary and mathematical attainments).

About a year after this there was another great event: the bells of Chalmers Church were set furiously ringing about nine o'clock one summer morning in honor of a lusty son and heir who lay very regardless of his honors in a cradle of state in one of the tall bedrooms of Chalmers' End.

The years began to pass with the rapidity of placid monotony; one other child was born to Arthur—a daughter, who did not survive her birth many days; and hopes and longings began to centre about little Victor—so named from a royal sponsor—as they had done about big Arthur; and his doings were duly chronicled and laid away in various hearts. He was certainly a clever child; he could draw easily, he had a good natural taste for music, he wrote little ghost stories to frighten grandmamma—who was easily frightened by Victor's ghost stories—and poems about home events, which he wrote out in his best hand—which was very indifferent—in a volume called Victor's Works, and gave to his mother:—the fact was that his mother's wisdom and his father's sense kept him simple. They encouraged him, but did not over-praise him; and he grew up by means of a sensible selection of nurses and governesses, and a dependable butler and coachman, almost ignorant that he had a much larger silver spoon in his mouth than many lads of his age. The only thing that

gave his mother any anxiety was an affectionateness almost morbid, and at the same time capricious, for certain persons, and a very considerable wilfulness when he had really set his mind upon a thing; in his tenth year, in fact, he told his grandfather that his behavior was unchristian, because he had given orders that a pet dog of Victor's, which had become afflicted with a painful and incurable disease, was to be shot; but on his mother's remonstrance, he went and made a grave apology to grandpapa, with his childish face so careworn and sad, that that soft-hearted gentleman had a dreadful pang in thinking that he might have been cruel, especially when the lad added that he might shoot Addie, his collie, also if he thought fit.

He was a pretty lad, curly-haired and clear-complexioned, with his mother's grave eyes, yet strong and agile enough to please the most exacting sportsman. When he was twelve, he went to Eton, and during his first half, his grandfather died suddenly in his chair. Poor Lady Winborough, who had long been ailing, was utterly prostrated by this, and became a permanent invalid; and a new Lord Winborough reigned at Chalmers' End. Arthur was not sorry to go to the House of Lords; he had sat in the Commons for three years as a Liberal, but his speeches were of the kind that people describe as always containing "something worth listening to," and yet do not think of attending to—in fact, he had not been quite such a success as had been expected, or as he had himself hoped. A native indolence began gradually to assert itself; he still felt conscious, over his after-dinner claret, of great power, of great epigrammatic force, but it began to display itself less and less. He became one of those silent people whose intellect leads them to be discontented with ordinary conversation without supplying them with

a better quality; he began to think a little more of his position and his claims, to be complacent because he was named among the twenty richest peers in England. He was as fond as ever of his wife and mother, and a good trustworthy man; but the fibre of originality began to melt out of his texture, and he signed the roll with an air.

### III.

It is a dismal task to trace the decay of a character. Fathers and mothers find it so easy to believe of mankind in general, that they are gluttonous and impure, so impossible to feel it true of their own offspring. Even when little Charlie has coarsened—it is true—into an ill-favored, high-colored man, yet for his mother something of the bright, childish lineaments still underlies that thickened visage, such as was there when he first went off, innocent and light-hearted, to the big, careless, public school which gave him his first taste for evil things.

Little Victor's mother—my lady now—had agonized many a night over her absent, curly-headed boy; prayed and longed and yearned over a life and development which seemed commonplace and direct enough at the other end. Prayers are such high crises, whereas soho-life is so apparently aloof from crisis, that the two do not seem to cohere—but she had not been rewarded. Little Victor, "charmer" as his friends called him, by the time he went to the University, was in no sense a good man or likely to become one: whether something in his father's tacit coupling of religion and respectability, or something in his mother's passionate love of goodness had rebuffed him, cannot be known; but he had lost his faith. He had no principles; he was full of strong passionate impulses; he was not depraved; he was not vicious; but any

rational man, not prejudiced by an attachment to the doctrine of Free-will, might have been absolutely certain that a collapse of some kind was imminent: he was not armed against Apollyon.

And, of course, he gave them little anxiety; he detested coarse company, and he hated loud animal-songs and horse-play, and drink, and boisterous company. He had no low tastes; he never went to Newmarket; he did play cards and lose money, but he never came a serious cropper in gambling—so his father never knew. He liked curious things—lonely walks and night rambles, and to be abroad at dawn, and sleeping in woods and by waters at night. If only this inflammable young temperament could be linked on to some healthy enthusiasm, even a personal affection, all might yet be well. But his mother, with the keen-scented prescience of love, was almost daily anxious for what might happen. Trouble she fully thought would come, but, like a wise and brave woman, she neither shuddered at it, or sank it out of sight.

His movements were now rather erratic; he insisted on having a lodgings in London all the year round; it did not suit him to depend upon the family mansion in Grosvenor Square; he wanted a place always ready, where he could come and go as he pleased. His father was particular about smoking; did not like it out of the smoking-room; and this irritated Victor. Then he said that he hated a family breakfast—he never wanted to talk at breakfast; so he slept and breakfasted in his lodgings, even when the household were in town—in fact, he was getting capricious; and he had long periods, too, of gloomy silence which troubled them; at times, too, he was intensely irritable.

The last time they had seen him was down at Chalmers' End, where his visits were getting scattered. Things had

not gone well: his father had refused to allow smoking in the dining-room, which Victor stigmatized as "local and unreasonable." In fact he had left the gentlemen in order to smoke alone, and did not rejoin them. He had endeavored to create a mutiny.

"I know," he said, "that some of you are dying to smoke. Father, you are a mere tyrant—you will not release them."

Arthur smiled, but frigidly, and said that he hoped any one who wished would adjourn with Victor, and that they would excuse his old-fashioned prejudices. This was hardly a permission, and no one stirred.

Arthur was annoyed at this; he spoke to Victor after the guests had gone.

"I don't think it was very good taste," he said. "I don't want to exercise authority over you in such matters; but you ought not to do at home what you wouldn't presume to do in another's house; you should at least be consistent."

"I should never think of staying in such a house," said Victor. "But the most lamentable confession, father, was that you were 'old-fashioned,' and had prejudices: I had always thought you above that."

Lady Winborough's entrance suspended the conversation; Victor did not accompany her to her room that night as was his custom, and the next morning at breakfast the old butler informed Lord Winborough that Victor had left by the early train.

They had no letters of any kind for four or five weeks; this had, however, ceased to surprise them. Lady Winborough sent her piquant little weekly budget to town for Victor's benefit—the only kind of letters he had ever professed to like—Arthur didn't write much to his son, and he didn't feel inclined to just then.

Breakfast was always a cheerful meal at Chalmers' End. Neither my

lord or my lady were people inclined to morning dumps; that is the disease of high-strung, hard-worked people whose brain is abnormally restless after sleep, and who want a good dose of hard hum-drum work to make them equable again; Arthur did not know what moods were, and if my lady did, she kept them to herself like the unselfish philosopher that she was.

There was a large party staying in the house: some landed relations, an ex-minister and his wife; a certain Lord Stapylton, who held some mysterious office at the Board of Green Cloth, and having no country place of his own, was generally glad of a respectable invitation. Arthur did not, as many hosts are wont to do, keep his letters by his plate, cast hungering glances over them, turn one up to examine the superscription, or hold another up to the light; thinking it, as they seem to do, inhospitable to open them, but at the same time consistent to talk in an absent-minded manner, with a wandering gaze. No; he opened them and encouraged his guests to do the same; in fact, he was wont to enliven the conversation by reading out extracts of general interest or occasionally throwing one across to his wife to fall in the slop-basin or skim dangerously past some high-born nose. This morning, among a mass of prospectuses and packets, there was a dingy-looking newspaper with foreign stamps upon it, and directed in a foreign hand to M. le Baron Winborough. He read this out with a genial air and opened the packet leisurely.

In a moment the whole table became aware that something had happened. "Good God, what's this?" he said in a choked voice, for once forgetting himself before his womankind. Lady Winborough left her place and came hurriedly round; even Lord Stapylton, who was engaged in giving the minister a sketch of what he would

have done under some trying political circumstances, broke off in the middle of a sentence and wheeled round on his chair. All that Miss Verschoyle, who was sitting on Arthur's right, could see, as she told Mrs. Bigge in the library, was a cross drawn in blue pencil against something in the first column; but whether it was a birth, death, or marriage, or merely an agony advertisement, with the most active scrutiny and with a pair of the sharpest eyes in the world, she could not detect; for Arthur folded up the paper, thrust it into his pocket, made a desperate attempt to talk, sate a moment or two drumming on the table with his fingers, with poor Lady Winborough, who had resumed her place, looking at him in mute wonder, and finally muttering an excuse and pleading some sudden business, pushed back his chair and went out of the room. Then her ladyship made a fine womanly effort; she begged everybody to do what they were going to do. She told Mrs. Bigge that the carriage would be at the door at eleven, and that she hoped to accompany her; and then she said that if they would excuse her she would go and speak to her husband.

At half-past ten she came out of the study, and was met by Mrs. Bigge, dressed for driving, who hoped that nothing had occurred; that she trusted that Lady Winborough would not hesitate to tell her if they would rather be alone; that the three-forty train would suit them admirably to go by, if necessary, and so forth; while Miss Verschoyle, burning with innocent curiosity, hovered in the background and gently endorsed Mrs. Bigge's words. Lady Winborough did not attempt to conceal the fact that something had happened, but assured her that it was only a business matter, which might take Lord Winborough away for a day or two; but that it was out of the question that any one should leave the

house; it would make her very unhappy if the party were to break up; if she might stay at home instead of accompanying Mrs. Bigge for the drive, there were one or two little things she would like to attend to.

Meanwhile, Lord Winborough, after performing the same hospitable offices to his male guests in the smoking-room, and scribbling a line to his agent to come to stay in the house during his unavoidable absence, to see that the gentlemen were amused, had a portmanteau packed and was driven to the station to catch the mid-day train to town.

Meantime, Miss Verschoyle had not been idle. She returned with laudable curiosity to the dining-room, and possessing herself of the wrapper of the paper and discovering that the post-mark was Nice, dashed off a line to a cousin there to beg her to discover if anything affecting the Chalmers interest had been occurring there, and then thinking that uncharitable, tore it up and merely begged that all the Nice newspapers of a certain date—allowing for the times of postage—might be sent to her at Chalmers' End—and then joined Mrs. Bigge with the genial consciousness of having done her best to set her own mind at rest.

Meanwhile, Lady Winborough went to her sitting-room, and sat for nearly half an hour, pen in hand, but writing nothing, only looking, looking at a little row of photographs that serpentine in and out among the little costly knick-knacks there. There was her little Victor as a baby, as an Eton boy in broad collars, with his pretty hair and eyes; there was Victor as an undergraduate, with collars as high longitudinally as they had been latterly extensive, and last of all Victor in his shooting coat with his favorite dog by him—and as she looked she wondered and a tear stole down her cheeks. And at what was this high-minded lady cry-

ing? Not that she had been deceived and tricked by the light-hearted being that was not half worthy of her pure love, but that she had been wilfully shut out of her boy's confidence in a matter where the motherly feelings are most profoundly stirred and moved, for as she told Mrs. Bigge that night in her quiet stately way—so that Mrs. Bigge, a lively excitable woman, wondered if she had a heart at all—they were afraid that Victor had made a very imprudent match, without consulting them, and Lord Winborough had gone to see if anything could be done. The ready words of condolence died on Mrs. Bigge's lips at the very unwonted crisis of which she was the first recipient, and after all it was as well, as Miss Verschoyle said the next day, that she *had* told them plainly, for it was bound to be—and indeed it was—in the society papers that very morning, and the only drop of bitterness in that charming young lady's heart was that she had not been the first to announce it in town; however, she was partly consoled by the thought that she could give a detailed account of how the news had come, and how the Winborough folks had taken it, and we may be sure it did not suffer in the telling.

The paragraph was very brief. It announced the marriage at the British consulate of the Hon. Victor, only son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Winborough, with Mlle. Rosalie Deschamps. How well did Arthur know those hateful syllables as they slowly burnt themselves into his heart as he rolled slowly south. The country was at its very sweetest; near Marseilles the purple Judas trees rose out of sheets of meadow-gold into the serene blue; the very loveliness of everything made him sick and sore. He had never loved travel, and now he hated the voluble French tongue, as it bubbled round him, with a desperate loathing; it seemed as if it had forced

itself into his life: his pride was touched though he did not know it; to himself he called it outraged confidence; he felt as if he could have forgiven anything if he had only been prepared for it. Why he was going out there he hardly knew, only he felt that his presence on the scene was necessary; that there was anything practicable to be done he did not really believe, but he wanted to find out all about it, to know the very worst of it, to be certain in his heart that it was as bad as he feared.

At Nice he had no difficulties; his card brought out the consul in a truly obsequious mood: at other times Lord Winborough would have felt a sense of mild elation at the magic influence of personality, but now he was only bored and hurried. The consul insisted on driving with him to the house. It was a small pretentious villa, that stood on some elevated ground not far from the sea; there was a neat flower-garden about it, but no trees. The tamarisks in the hedge did their poor best to shield the place, but only served to accentuate the French tawdriness of the flimsy house. A vague thought of Chalmers' End with its endless lawns and immemorial elms came over him.

The door was opened by a smart French maid, to whom the consul explained in an instant that this was Mr. Chalmers' father, M. le Baron, and that he wished to see M. Chalmers at once; the pert little body flourished her hands, shrugged her shoulders, hesitated once, and then ushered Lord Winborough—too much preoccupied even to shake the consul's hand or thank him—into the salon.

The first thing he caught sight of was Victor himself in a white suit, lolling in a chair; close to him in a deep deck chair was a little creature, dark-eyed, graceful—that he saw. If he had had time to analyze his sensations, he

would have seen that she was strangely, radiantly lovely, but she was brandishing in one hand a fan and in the other—oh, horror, a cigarette, whose smoke curled up in scented wreaths into the face of a man, a smooth, dark, feline-looking individual in a velvet coat, who was standing over her, looking fixedly down. He was arguing, it seemed, some minute social point, but at the sight of Lord Winborough, rather haggard and travel-stained, and oppressively and obviously British from top to toe, she stopped in the middle of a sentence, glanced over at Arthur as if to enquire what strange compatriot of his had fallen from the clouds, and fixed her eyes on his lordship's face. Something in the anxiety visible in his whole manner, or the unconscious dignity of which he had never been able to discover that the secret was pre-occupation, struck her, for she gathered herself up, and, stepping to the floor, swept him a low curtsey.

As she did so Victor, transfixed by the vision which he had always been accustomed to regard with affection, even deference, except in his wilder moods, rose hastily and awkwardly, turning very pale as he did so. He went up to his father, shook him by the hand, and then looking round in an undecided manner, oblivious of the evident wish of madame for an introduction, said—

"I didn't expect you. Will you step into my room?"

He ushered him across the hall and into a little dining-room brightly furnished. Through the open window came the sound of the sea. All the fine phrases and pathetic turns that had been present in the father's mind forsook him. He walked to the window, turned round, and then coming up to his son put his hand almost shyly on his arm, and said—

"We didn't think you would do this, Victor—your mother and I—without

telling us. It has been a great . . . . surprise, I may say . . . . shock to us."

The extraordinary inadequacy of his expressions to represent his feelings acted strangely on Victor. He had been living in a kind of delirious dream for a week or two and had resolutely banished the thought of his father and mother from his mind, vaguely trying to persuade himself that they didn't care very much for him. He smiled—a rigid, set smile—and then his mouth quivered and broke—

"I didn't think you would take it like this," he said; then, half ashamed, "There is nothing wrong about it—I married her, you know; there's no harm in her. I didn't think you cared so much what became of me." He faltered here and looked away from his father's face, who was devouring the words as they came from him. There was a silence. Lord Winborough leaned heavily on a chair-back. Any one not used to British self-control would have said that they were probably having a conversation, not very satisfactory perhaps, on business matters.

"Cared?" said Lord Winborough at last. "Why, my lad, what else do you think we live for?" He gulped down a sob which was audible in his voice. Victor broke down. He came up to his father, and taking his hand in both his own looked at him.

"Can you forgive me?" he said. The sight of the young man's face, his eyes so like his mother's, the touch of the young hands, washed for one precious moment the trouble and anger out of Arthur's soul. He did what he had not done since the boy had gone to Eton: he leant forward and kissed him on the forehead.

"You shall see that we can," he said.

In men of Lord Winborough's tem-

perament, the reaction after a moment of very unrestrained sublime emotion is a very dreadful thing. He would have preferred to leave the house at once, even go straight back to England; but he was possessed to a certain extent by the instinct of perfection. He made up his mind that he would go through with his forgiveness; he was solemnly introduced to his daughter-in-law, and even went so far as to attempt to kiss her—Lord Winborough kissing a very lively Parisienne on the forehead was a very solemn thing to any one who understood the magnitude of the sacrifice he was making; but there were also comic elements in the picture of which he was himself painfully conscious. He felt that he was behaving like a third-rate melodramatic actor, and *déjeuner* afterwards with the odious French gentleman whose English was so much better than his lordship's French was one of the most humiliating episodes in his life. Madame, in spite of all her assurance, was not at her ease. Victor was feverish and gloomy by turns; Lord Winborough felt painfully the lack of light small-talk of the kind that came so easily to his lips at the head of his own table. However, it was soon over. Father and son had a short talk in the garden; after which a large cheque changed hands; there was not much more to tell. Madame was the daughter of fairly respectable parents. It was true that she had been on the stage, but only for a very short time. Arthur vaguely gathered that her career had been on the whole a respectable one; but he had sunk into a dazed and unreal condition of mind—the fatigue of the journey had told upon him—and he found himself at intervals faintly wondering where he was, and what was going on; he began to wish to be assured of his own identity; and he finally said farewell, having become painfully conscious of a failure of physical

power, and an intense craving for sleep between a pair of sheets—so he trudged back to his hotel with Victor, after extorting a promise from him that he would follow him to Chalmers' End within a fortnight. Victor was too conscious of extreme relief that things had gone so easily to oppose any resistance, and Lord Winborough got back to find the party just broken up, and all his neighbors greeting him with downcast looks and murmuring voices, as if he had suffered some great bereavement, and yet painfully incapable of putting their condolences into words; and all this was profoundly irritating. Lady Winborough was the only sustaining influence in these dismal days; she had never been more sweet and serene. Her gift of accepting the situation came to her aid, and she forgot her own trouble in the consciousness that her husband was so much in need of support. She listened to his irritable monologues; she made light of his brooding fears; and only the recording angel knows what her thoughts were in the long wakeful nights when her husband, whose sturdy out-door temperament triumphed over the vexations of the spirit, slept peacefully by her side; and she did not even contradict him when he declared morning after morning that he had been unable to get a wink of sleep.

#### IV.

They came: but it was not a success. Madame found the stiff English ways, the calm, uneventful, household life too much for her; she had a hammock under the lime-tree on the lawn, where over her cigarette—which she was induced to confine to the open air—she bemoaned herself to her husband, still under the spell. Once or twice she forgot herself, and behaved to younger visitors, who thought it a capital joke, in

a way that made Arthur's hair stand on end. The only person she really took to was her mother-in-law. She was never fretful, never outrageous with her.

"Your mother is a saint," she said to her husband; "and yet never allows it to make her disagreeable." But it was the only gratifying touch in an episode which was profoundly distasteful to almost every one concerned.

Lord Winborough never knew whether there might not any evening be some agitating incident. The servants were unhappy; twice the gray-haired butler gave warning, and was only induced to recall it by overtures which Arthur felt inconsistent with his dignity. Things were a little more lively perhaps, but a good many of the old humdrum visitors, whose wives and daughters had accepted their first invitation there with great curiosity to see what the new *ménage* would be like, began to discover a marvellous facility for inventing excuses. There was never a word of reproach, but Victor felt that his father's uneasy look, and the shrugging of shoulders that was plainly visible among the domestics from time to time, were infinitely hard to bear; and yet no one liked to propose a change. Arthur felt that he was carrying out his program heroically; and Victor felt that while such sacrifices were being made for him, it would be hopelessly ungracious to suggest that they should go away; besides as the year drew on a certain event became imminent which made their continued residence at Chalmers' End almost a social necessity; for an heir to be born anywhere but in a certain sacred room would have seemed almost like a profanity.

The bells rang again one March night, but the poor little humming-bird whom fate had driven into such cheerless chimes, paid the penalty. It was not known if she had ever even seen

her son, and the strange, gaunt, Scotch specialist, who came down from London and brought with him such a sombre atmosphere of tragedy with his stiff, silent ways, could do nothing more than stupefy senses into passive quietude.

That is the history of the startling picture of the young fragile French-woman that hangs among the blunt gentlemen and solid ladies in the great hall at Chalmers' End; and that is the story of that dark-eyed, melancholy little boy, who is so anxiously guarded by his grandfather from anything continental, who plays about with his light-haired half-brothers—for Victor

Temple Bar.

has married a genial English spouse after his father's heart, and has begun to feel that the whole year of his first marriage has something dream-like and intangible about it. In fact, almost the only person who keeps a tender corner in her heart for the poor alien is Lady Winborough, who goes every week to lay some flowers on the grave in the little churchyard, and who cannot forget how, in the last agony, the tiny hands clasped themselves round hers, and the last words that came from the convulsed lips—

"I am so frightened. What is this? . . . Are you there, mother?"

#### OLD THINGS THAT PASS AWAY.\*

*A propos* of the proposed abolition of the Baccalaureate degree in France, we quote the candid reminiscences of Hugues Le Roux:

Two decades have gone by since I was a collegian and studied philosophy, but the nightmare which oppressed my seventeenth year doth haunt my spirit still.

I am on the brink of some sort of examination, and not my success merely but my very honor lies at the mercy of unknown foes, from whom I am divided by a breadth of green carpet.

They have no distinct corporeality—these enemies of mine—enveloped in a single overcoat, they constitute a many-headed monster—a swollen mass of rudeness and venom.

What do these bald-pated solemnities, these ironical and spectacle-bestridden noses, care for my excellent dispositions and all the unappreciated effort I have made? They are the deadly mushrooms of the green

carpet-lawn, and it is poison that they distill! On the day when I was to come up for my humanities, they were to me like so many spectres, enthroned upon the summit of a mountain, which it was my lot to climb.

Occasionally, a turn of the road, or the merciful interposition of a clump of trees had hidden them for a moment from my view. Nevertheless, the way that led to them had become more arid and perpendicular year by year. Perched upon the sombre crest, like so many ravens out on a spree, they had grown larger every hour, until at last I could plainly distinguish their eyes, their beaks, their cruel claws!

In every age of the world men have been made superstitious by fear; and I had had occasion to remark during the course of my student years, that particular objects exercised a decisive influence over my successes and failures. I had, for instance, in my case of drawers, a certain pink shirt which always caused my Greek versions to

\* Translated for *The Living Age*.

come off. From the day when its wrist-bands came up to my elbows and its flap no longer touched my garters,—(and I lengthened the weeks as much as I ever could, for it shrank with every washing!) my repute as a Hellenist began to decline. On the eve of the Baccalaureate examinations it was at so low an ebb that my tutor in rhetoric had bet twenty to one against me.

But on that occasion, as on so many others, I was destined to receive consolation. Immediately on our arrival in the large provincial town where our judges were to sit, I rushed to the Cathedral and there, where thousands of candles twinkled about the dark interior, where so many of my fellow-beings had wept over sufferings more real than mine, I put up a prayer that I might, for one hour, be miraculously illuminated concerning the mysteries of indirect discourse, and the infernal irregularities of verbs in  $\lambda\bar{\omega}$ ,  $\mu\bar{\omega}$ ,  $\nu\bar{\omega}$  and  $\rho\bar{\omega}$ .

I hasten to say that this supplication of mine was punctually granted. The Angel of the Exam. visited my judges during the night, and in a dream like one of those which we have so finely described by Homer and Virgil, inspired them with the thought of testing our command of Latin by proposing a theme exactly suited to the character of my eloquence, "The Imprecations of Spartacus!"

Here was a chance for the vocative!—a case I have ever loved, for the opportunity it offers for direct constructions. It enabled me to avoid all those periods—complex as the spider's web, where a mistake is as fatal as cancer in the vitals. Between two lines of exclamation points, forming a perfect hedge of *Os* and *Heus*, it conducted me to a peroration which would have touched the heart of Cato Major!

I hardly dare assign the same providential origin to an inspiration I had

during my oral examination, to soften the hearts of my inquisitors by a device the morality of which now seems to me a little doubtful.

I had been gifted by nature with the power of producing, without the slightest premonitory catarrh, a cough so cavernous as to excite the compassion of the most indifferent spectator. At the moment when I was passing from the hands of the French examiner into his who had charge of the Greek, I was seized with one of these alarming paroxysms which racked my chest and inundated my eyes with tears.

The formidable Grecian regarded me with surprise. He evidently thought that he had to do with a consumptive in the last stages of pulmonary decline, and my melancholy aspect seemed a sufficient proof that I should not long continue to make an unworthy use of the diploma about to be conferred upon me. My judge opened a volume of Homer, contented himself with ascertaining that I knew an *Omega* when I saw it, and tossed the book back upon the table, as he might have flung a handful of earth upon my coffin.

I had passed!

The hall turned about me, the doors opened wide, the pavement surged beneath my feet, and flung me like a tennis ball among the cushions of a passing landau.

"Faster, driver, faster!"

In a quarter of an hour I was at the entrance of the Cathedral; in half an hour I was on the summit of the spire. The world lay beneath me, flat and round like the sea. I was lord and master of it all, and could choose my own way therein.

If it did not occur to me to spread my wings and fly, that was doubtless because I felt constrained to go down among men and receive the tribute of their admiration. But I made a certain concession to the eagle within me by tearing lengthwise and across my

now useless memorandum of the Imprecations of Spartacus, and with a large gesture I flung them abroad:—thus bidding the winds of heaven disperse over town, river, and forest, the appeal of the slave whom I now considered emancipated for good and all.

Along with the Baccalaureate degree are also to go, it seems, out of deference to the modern spirit, the historic book-stalls which have so long decorated the left bank of the Seine. Many an eloquent voice has been uplifted in pathetic protest against this change, among them that of Jules Claretie.

"Do not banish them," he cries, "those poor old booksellers, who pay a rent of sixty francs to the city of Paris for seven or eight yards of parapet, and crowd within these narrow limits an ironical miscellany of all manner of reputations presented in every conceivable style, and ranging all the way from the pauper burying-ground to the Pantheon. The best times for these humble dealers are the sunshiny winter days. In summer the quays are as desolate as the Bois, and one no more dreams of rummaging among old books than of going to the theatre. Like the theatres also, the book-stalls feel the shock of public misfortune, and October is their worst month on account of quarter-day."

"In good times," one of the stall-keepers said to me, "we make as much as ten francs a day. Don't you think, Monsieur, that they ought to give us that, if they turn us out?"

Alas! I know nothing about it. I only know that the book-stalls have been a crowning charm of our city—something like hair-powder—and I think I can hear Victor Hugo saying:—

"I don't care much for new books, and I never read them until they are well defaced.

"Room for the cab, of course, and the automobile, and the tandem and the

bicycle! but spare a little also for the four-sou boxes which prolong the life of old books!"

M. Anatole France, in his turn, recalls pleasant memories of two old patrons of the riverside stalls:

"I have known a good many bibliophiles in my day, and I am perfectly sure that there is always a certain number of well-born persons whose lives are rendered tolerable by the love of books alone. The enthusiast in books always enjoys caressing them. I know your true bibliophile at a glance by the way in which he touches a book. He, who, having lighted on some rare, precious, lovable, or at least honorable volume, does not squeeze it in an embrace at once gentle and strong, and pass an affectionate hand over its back and sides and leaves—that man, I say, has not the stuff in him out of which Grosliers and Doubles are made. He may protest that he loves books, but we never believe him. Our answer is:—

"'You prize them for their usefulness, but do you call that love? Is that love which is not disinterested? You lack fire and rapture. You never knew the exquisite delight of passing tremulous fingers over the delicious roughnesses of a morocco binding!'"

I once knew two old priests who loved books and nothing else in this world. One of them was a canon who had lodgings near Notre Dame—a sweet soul in a diminutive body. He proposed writing the "Lives of the Saints of Brittany," and his own life was made happy by the project. The other, the vicar of a very poor parish, was taller, handsomer, and more pensive. The windows of his room overlooked the *Jardin des Plantes*, and he was lulled to slumber by the roar of captive lions. Both these men were to be found upon the quays hovering over the stores of the *bouquinistes* on every single day of our Lord. Their mission

in life was to stick into their cassock-pockets little volumes bound in calf, with red edges. 'Tis a modest and simple task, well befitting the ecclesiastical life. I should imagine there would be far less danger to a priest in rummaging the wares ranged along the parapet than in studying nature in the fields and woods, Fenelon to the contrary notwithstanding. Nature is not edifying. She lacks reserve. She incites to emotion and effort.

But a walk beside the parapets from one exhibit of wares to another, is fraught with no such peril. Old books do not trouble the heart. If they speak sometimes of love, it is in antiquated language, through the lips of characters that have ceased to be, and they remind us of death quite as much as of love. My canon and my vicar did well to pass a large part of this, their transitory life, between the *Pont-Royal* and the *Pont-Saint-Michel*. The object with which their eyes were best acquainted was the little gold floweret which the bookbinders of the eighteenth century loved to stamp between each of the ridges of their calf backs. And surely it is a spectacle more innocent than that of the lilles of the field, who toil not neither do they spin, but whom the butterflies can make shiver through all the mysterious depths of their charming corollas. What holy men they were—my canon and my vicar! I do not believe that either one of them ever had an evil thought.

As far as the canon is concerned, I would stake my life on it. He was very jovial, and had, at seventy, the soul and the round cheeks of a little child. Never did gold-bowed spectacles ride a simpler nose, to assist the sight of a more candid pair of eyes! The

vicar with his aquiline features and hollow cheeks may have been a saint, but the canon was assuredly a righteous man. Yet the saint and the just man alike had their little permitted enjoyment. They regarded pig skin with warm desire, and fondled calf with affection. It was not that they took delight and pride in disputing with princely bibliophiles the possession of first editions of the French poets—bindings fit for Mazarin or Canevarius, and illustrated editions with two and three appendices. Not at all! They rejoiced in poverty, and triumphed in humility. They carried into their very taste for books the austere simplicity of their daily lives. They never bought any but modest volumes demurely bound. They liked collecting the works of old theologians, whom nobody wants to read any more. They laid hands with ingenuous delight on those despised curiosities which adorn the ten-sou boxes of the experienced vendor of old books. They were made happy by the discovery of Thiers' "History of Periwigs," or Dr. Chrysostom Matanasius' "Masterpiece of an Unknown Author." They left morocco covers to the great ones of the earth. Granite calf, yellow calf, sheep skin and parchment sufficed for them.

The good vicar! The blameless canon! How often have I seen them with their noses in the boxes ranged along the quay! Whenever you saw one you might be sure that the other was not far off. Yet they did not seek one another's acquaintance, they shunned it rather. I expect if the truth were told that they were a little jealous of each other. How could it have been otherwise when they both hunted the same covers?

## ON THE BRINK OF WAR.

The momentous decision which the Cabinet was yesterday called upon to make has not been made known to us as we write. It is, accordingly, possible that anything we have to say on the question of the crisis may be hopelessly out of date when these lines are in the hands of the public. This being the case, it seems desirable that, instead of speculating upon the action which the Ministers may have resolved to take, we should call the attention of our readers to the salient facts of the dispute between ourselves and the Boers which seems now to have reached its culminating point. To begin with, it is a good thing that we should be reminded of the fact that, in the first instance, the Boers were a greatly injured people. They went out into the wilderness at the time of the Great Trek for the very reason which now makes them resist our demands so stubbornly—their desire to retain their old traditions, their old institutions and modes of government, without any interference on the part of the foreigner. They went away armed with the British promise that they should be left at peace. Into the causes of the quarrel between them and ourselves twenty years ago it is now unnecessary to enter. That quarrel illustrated, however, both the obstinate tenacity of the Boers and the impulsive desire for "Imperial expansion" of the English party at the Cape. In 1881, after Majuba, and at a time when we had it in our power to crush the Boers by military force, we entered into a treaty with them which restored to them their liberty under the suzerainty of the Queen. Opinions differ greatly as to the course which Mr. Gladstone took in 1881. We are not ashamed to say that, for our part, we regard the great

act of reconciliation that followed our chance defeat at Majuba Hill as among the nobler incidents in our national story. But we must confess that it has not answered the sanguine expectations of those who were responsible for it. For this disappointment the Boers must bear a great part of the responsibility. Their best friends cannot say that they reciprocated in any worthy manner the magnanimity of the British Government in 1881. But, whether grateful or the reverse, they succeeded in 1884 in securing a further concession from us. This concession dropped the word "suzerainty" from our Convention, but retained that which we regarded as the substance of suzerainty—the right of veto upon any engagement into which the Transvaal Government might wish to enter with a foreign Power. This Convention clearly made us the paramount Power in South Africa—a position which the Boers have shown great unwise-dom in questioning. On the other hand, the Convention permitted the Boers to govern themselves in their own internal affairs without interference from us. Unfortunately, fate had a heavy blow in reserve for the Transvaal after the Convention of 1884 was agreed to. Gold was discovered, and the land to which they had retired to pursue a pastoral life suddenly became the object of the envy of the gold-seekers of the world. Johannesburg rose as under a magician's wand, and became filled with a cosmopolitan company of adventurers. Great bodies of Englishmen flocked to the new city on the Rand, not merely to seek gold, but to carry on business undertakings of an entirely legitimate kind. Commerce and civilization, in short, suddenly invaded the Transvaal, and the unfortu-

nate Boers found themselves confronted by a problem with which they were incapable of dealing successfully.

If they had been men of broader minds and more liberal principles—nay, if they had remembered the obligation under which they had been placed by the magnanimity of Mr. Gladstone's Government—they might have weathered the storm, and by treating their new population with fairness, have prevented any great or general feeling of irritation among the Uitlanders. But they were not capable of this. They were filled with grave suspicions as to the good faith of the English at the Cape; they hated the new-comers, and they feared their growing influence. They set themselves to the hopeless task of keeping the advancing tide of civilization—civilization with all its attendant disadvantages—at bay. Their administration of the Transvaal was arbitrary, narrow-minded, corrupt, and towards the great foreign population of the Rand it was conspicuously unfair. Then came the disastrous crime of the Jameson raid. It convinced the Boers that their worst suspicions of British good faith were under the mark, and henceforth they lived daily under the apprehension that their dearly bought freedom would be snatched from them unless they showed themselves able to defend it with their own arms. From the beginning of 1896 onwards the position of the Uitlanders has been the reverse of happy. The Boers have never been able to forget the raid, and they have shown themselves more resolute than ever in maintaining their own modes of government and enforcing their own ideas. The result has been that we have had created in the middle of our African possessions that which has been described with some exaggeration as "a festering sore." It has unquestionably been a centre of irritation, intrigue and discontent. No doubt the

Boers are largely to blame for this state of things. They are still what they have been all along, brave, obstinate, narrow-minded men, firmly convinced that they enjoy the special protection of the Almighty, and just as completely satisfied that in defending their own liberties they will be a match for any enemy with whom they have to deal. But those who seek to lay upon them the whole responsibility for the condition to which their country has been reduced, ought in fairness to remember two things—the Jameson Raid, with its apparent justification of the Boer suspicions of British policy, and the way in which Mr. Kruger, when he had the raiders at his mercy, protected them from that extreme penalty of the law which they had undoubtedly incurred. If only he could have carried his magnanimity a little further, and conceded the reforms which he had more than half promised to effect, he might have disarmed his enemies and put an end to the unrest of South Africa.

The appeal which the Queen's subjects living in the Transvaal addressed to her Majesty last spring was, we believe, justified, not only by the hard treatment which they received from the Boer Government, but by the whole history of our relations with the Transvaal. It would have been impossible to ignore this petition. The Government were bound to do what they could for a great British population, living in a country surrounded by British territory and not in possession of the full rights of independent sovereignty. But from the moment when Mr. Chamberlain took up the question of the Uitlanders last May down to his latest public utterance upon the subject, it has seemed as though his chief purpose was not to allay but to increase the irritation prevailing in South Africa. Many blunders, it is perfectly true, have been made by the

Boers in the negotiations of the last four months; but there is not one, unfortunately, which has not got its counterpart in some act of Mr. Chamberlain's. There is no need to go over the whole story of the delays and provocations on both sides. It suffices to point to two indiscretions on the part of the Colonial Secretary which are, we believe, largely responsible for the critical situation that has now been reached. The first is the speech at Highbury, in which he used to the Transvaal Government language of menace entirely out of keeping with diplomatic usages; the second is the despatch which immediately followed that speech, in which, after suggesting another conference at Cape Town, he significantly added that "there are other matters of difference between the two Governments which will not be settled by the grant of political representation to the Uitlanders." The Boers were slowly and clumsily climbing down. They had gone so far, indeed, as to propose a five years' franchise, coupling their proposal with certain conditions that were reasonable, and one that was unreasonable—a renunciation by the English Government of its assertion of suzerainty. It would have been an easy matter to deal with the conditions. But when the Boers saw how Mr. Chamberlain, when he found that a settlement on the franchise question was in sight, immediately opened up the prospect of new demands, using in doing so language of studied vagueness, they drew back in alarm. All their superstitious fears were revived, and under the influence of the suspicions engendered by the

Colonial Secretary, they made a grave mistake. They hastily receded from their proposal of a five years' franchise and fell back upon Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion of a new conference at Cape Town. They acted unwisely, and in doing so they have made the danger of war still greater than it was. But the reason of their action was unquestionably their conviction that Mr. Chamberlain was not dealing honestly with them. It is to be hoped that the British public, when it is tempted to break out in anger against the stubborn people of the Transvaal, will remember these facts. As for the possibility of war, with which we are now confronted, let us at least remember that we are bound in honor not to go beyond the original demands of Sir Alfred Milner at Bloemfontein on the question of the franchise, and that the other problem of the suzerainty is, as Sir Alfred Milner has himself expressed it, largely a matter of etymological interpretation. To fight over a question of etymology is naturally impossible. That the situation at Johannesburg had become intolerable and that the British Government were bound to find a remedy for it, no sensible person in this country will deny. But at least it is our duty to make it as easy as possible for Mr. Kruger to accept our terms. The Colonial Office has unfortunately tried to make it as difficult as possible. Hence has come a situation in which passions and suspicions on both sides have been aroused to such a pitch that we stand upon the very brink of that greatest of all calamities, an unnecessary war.

**The Speaker.**

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new drama called "Rosamund" and a new volume of poems, by Mr. Swinburne, are promised for this fall.

A library edition of the writings of Mr. Augustine Birrell, in two volumes, will be published in a few weeks.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Spanish Peggy," which Herbert S. Stone & Co. announce, is a story of life in Illinois in the '40's,—a field and period with which Mrs. Catherwood has already shown herself familiar.

The Transactions of the recent International Congress of Women are to be published, and the Countess of Aberdeen is to act as editor-in-chief. Each of the six sections in which the Congress met will have a separate volume devoted to it.

Booker T. Washington's volume on "The Future of the American Negro," which Small, Maynard & Co. announce for next month, can hardly fail to attract attention as the work of a man who is doing more than any other to solve the problem which he discusses.

The Harpers are the American publishers of the new Haworth edition of the "Life and Works of the Brontë Sisters," each volume of which will be annotated by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and furnished with a preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The initial volume is "Jane Eyre," and six more will follow at monthly intervals.

Frederic Bancroft's "Life of William H. Seward," which the Harpers are about to publish, promises to be an important contribution to the literature of political biography, and to throw

new light on some of the great national and international questions which arose during the period of Mr. Seward's service as Secretary of State.

Donald G. Mitchell, who is still best known as "Ik Marvel," has appealed so infrequently of late to the lovers of literary essays that the second volume of his characterizations of "American Lands and Letters," which is included among the Scribners' autumn announcements, will be awaited with lively interest and pleasant anticipations.

If quick action is the one indispensable quality of the present-day adventure story, then "The Voyage of the 'Pulo Way,'" published by R. F. Fenno & Co., may claim to be one of the most exciting of its class. The plot hinges upon the sinking of an ocean liner, bound for Hong Kong with gold on board; and the perils that befall the hero, an accidental member of the sinking party on board the piratical steamer "Pulo Way," make up much of the interest of the narrative.

Five new volumes are to be added soon to the Beacon Biographies of Small, Maynard & Co. Among them is to be a life of Hawthorne by Mrs. James T. Fields, who will be able to write with the familiarity of personal acquaintance; and a life of John Brown, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlain. These succinct and daintily printed biographies are a relief from the somewhat too ponderous form which most recent biographies have taken.

"The Sword of Justice," by Shepard Stevens (Mrs. William C. Stevens), which Little, Brown & Co. an-

nounce for early issue is an historical story which deals in part with the destruction of the Huguenots in Florida, and their avenging by Dominique de Gourges. The same house add to their autumn announcements a volume of verse entitled "Voices," by Katherine Coolidge; and a narrative of the Cuban war, called "Under Three Flags in Cuba," which is written by George Clarke Musgrave.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," which was one of the most delightful of last autumn's publications, is to be followed this fall by a story called "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," which the Scribners will publish. Like Mr. Seton-Thompson's earlier volume, this will be illustrated with numerous marginal drawings, and several full-page illustrations by the author. It is hard to say whether Mr. Seton-Thompson is more successful with the pen or with the pencil in depicting the wild animals of whom he writes with such discernment and affection.

Readers of *The Living Age* do not need to be told how clever, varied and delightful are *The Etchingham Letters*, as they have a pleasant recollection of them as they appeared serially in this magazine. But they will be glad to know that they have been published in an attractive volume by Dodd, Mead & Co. Sir Richard Etchingham, his sister Elizabeth, and Laura, Lady Etchingham, with the other minor characters in this interesting family group reappear in the pages of this book and make charming companions for a leisure hour. The humor, shrewdness and scope of the reflections embodied in this correspondence tempt to more than one reading, and the inquiries which readers of *The Living Age* have made concerning the publication of the letters in book form show their desire to

possess them between covers of their own.

There are numerous word-battles raging nowadays about the mission of history, whether it shall be scientific and frankly dry or "unscientific" and frankly popular. With such a pair of books at hand as Prof. Fiske's two-volume "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," the contestants may fittingly shake hands and allow history to fulfil both of these missions. This work belongs in order directly after "The Beginnings of New England," and is one of Houghton & Mifflin's notable fall books. The period covered is in itself fascinating, and its controlling personalities are presented in a manner never too judicial to be sympathetic and vivid. The study of the Quaker problem and the portrayal of William Penn in the simplicity rather than the complexity of his character, are of especial interest.

Not every novelist will assure his readers with such disarming confidence that his characters are universally charming, as does Mr. S. R. Crockett in the preface to "Ione March." Yet Mr. Crockett speaks with some reason. The honors in this breezy tale are distinctly with the American girl, and there are several varieties of her in the story. The heroine is the daughter of an American ex-governor and millionaire, who has had a thorough education and casts in her lot with the London working girls, at first from a whim and later from necessity. American men do not fare so well at Mr. Crockett's hands; but how else could his English hero, the London literary man, be properly foiled? The story never approaches the tragic, and yet there is enough intensity about it to make its last and happier chapters the more satisfactory. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers.